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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1867.

THE GOVERNMENT OF NUMBERS.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, when lecturing the other day at Edinburgh on the subject of Democracy, said some things which, distasteful to majorities anywhere, must be peculiarly so to the majority of Americans. He observed that the government of numbers is especially lacking in a "healthy feeling of respect and reverence for what is superior;" and that "wherever that system of government flourishes, there we find the rank hot-bed of conceit, insolence, vain confidence, irreverence, and hollow pretension of all kinds." That these statements are substantially true, and that they are powerfully illustrated in our own society, will, of course, be so far from gaining them general acceptance as even to prevent them from being patiently listened to. The sovereign Demos brooks no assault upon itself. It even grows suspicious and tyrannical if you cease to sing its praises. The most thoughtful people are generally the most prudent ones, and there are thousands of educated men in the United States to-day who in their hearts endorse the sharpest criticisms of Professor Blackie's lecture, but who, instead of saying so, think that on the whole it is better to hold their peace. A conviction that no immediate or practical good can arise from the avowal of unpopular opinions is the chief inducement to silence, and the great advantages which might arise from bold and copious discussion are therefore for the present foregone. For ourselves, we have endeavored to show that we are actuated in the discussion of this as of other matters not by prudential considerations, but by a love of what seems to us to be truth. The very free censures which have been passed upon our political reflections by a portion of the press—speaking, of course, for the multitude—furnish sufficient evidence of the unpopularity of those reflections; that we should persist in the teeth of such evidence to disseminate them may damage our reputation for discretion, but certainly should not diminish our credit for honesty. Be this as it may, we are ready at all times to give space to anything in the shape of intelligent refutation of our observations which thoughtful and patriotic individuals may desire to promulge; so that the poison, if poison it be, may be accompanied by a suitable antidote.

And yet, absurd as it may seem to the philosophical mind, the expression of anti-democratic convictions is often regarded among us not with disapproval alone, but with the indignant condemnation which is usually or properly reserved for breaches of morality. It is a fact, which close observers may constantly verify, that there are great numbers of well-meaning persons in this country who actually cannot make themselves believe that a man who avows such persuasions has not necessarily a misanthropical or sinister turn of mind; or that in general he does not contemplate some subtle stroke of wickedness, such as renders it expedient to repress, to disparage, and to shun him. The encouragement of hypocrisy thus becomes, in a measure, a characteristic of democratic society. When one is morally certain that nine men out of ten will applaud sentiments in which he does not believe, the temptation to express them is very strong; while credit for moral courage is ever grudgingly bestowed when its exhibition inevitably offends the prejudices of the majority. To weigh, however, the comparative advantages of various courses is no part of our plan. We propose to say exactly what we think—no more, no less, now and always—and to take the consequences as they come. As regards the subject of Democracy—the government of the numerical majority—the late controversy at Edinburgh affords us the opportunity to epitomize our opinions as well as to answer some who have blindly misunderstood or superficially assailed them. Professor Blackie spoke against Democracy, and Mr. Ernest Jones spoke in its favor; each, as usual, said some

things which strengthened his antagonist's argument rather than his own; both, being able and scholarly men, between whose attainments it would be invidious to draw a comparison, said many clever and forcible things which, in a rhetorical sense, substantiated both positions; and the combined effect upon our own mind of reading both speeches has been to leave it just where it was before.

We do not believe in the logic, the expediency, or the justice of a government of the numerical majority. We subscribe unreservedly to the beauty and harmony of such a system in an ideal or theoretic sense. But in a practical sense we believe neither in its policy, its equity, nor its permanency. Not in its policy, because it continually tends to weaken the state by placing the ignorant and corrupt in charge of its vital interests. Not in its equity, because it continually tends so to distribute the rewards of society that the least deserving are the most aggrandized. Not in its permanency, because it continually tends to degrade political and social standards, so that, the lowest depth being reached, a reaction is inevitable which, however, will be incompatible with liberty. If the popular party, said Aristotle, exceed more in quantity than they are excelled in quality, democracy must prevail. It is not, however, in the nature of things that a democratic community can remain at any given balance; it must constantly become more democratic, precisely as we have been doing since the beginning of the century and as we shall continue to do until ignorance and corruption have become perfectly intolerable, and then will come a change. The radical difficulty about democracy is now what it always has been and, it must be feared, will always continue to be: you cannot keep it within any assignable limits or at any lasting equipoise. Admirable as the system may in theory be, no expedient has yet been devised which will prevent all power in a democracy from steadily gravitating into the exclusive control of the lowest classes in the community, thus depriving all others of any share in the government. But if any principle of governmental science may be said to be fully established, it is that no system can work permanently or satisfactorily which excludes any class from a fair voice in its direction. An attempt at just balance has been made with extraordinary ingenuity, and with the greatest measure of success yet achieved, by various machinery both in England and the United States; in the latter under exceptionally favorable circumstances. But that it will be permanently successful in either is altogether improbable. Both countries are now going through remarkable phases. We have nearly reached the lowest rung of the democratic ladder, every step of which the mother country will be compelled after us to descend. Ere many years, England will stand where we now stand or have lately stood: she will have become a democratic republic; but by that time America will probably have become either an empire or an oligarchy.

Let us not be understood to advocate either change. What we believe will be, and what we believe should or might be, are things widely divergent. We believe, for instance, unless some extraordinary and unlooked-for revulsion intervenes, that in a very short time in the United States not only negroes but women will vote; and that the House of Representatives will sink lower and lower until it reaches the level of, let us say, the Common Council of the city of New York. We shall not be suspected of thinking this desirable; we certainly think it will so eventuate. Again, and as regards England: our individual opinion is that the franchise ought in justice to be considerably extended, but that the extension which will, in a few years, be inevitable there, will produce effects no more just, no more wise, no more beneficent, no more rich in dignity, public justice, economy, or anything else that makes government worthy or life happy, than are those we see before us every day in our own splendid and much abused city. Mr. Ernest Jones claims, indeed, that New York is a spot on the sun, and a great number among ourselves say the same thing. But how far is this truth and how far is it illusion? It is quite true that the political bias of the city, opposed as it long has been to that of the state, has brought forth results which have seemed shocking in themselves, and that the counteraction of the rural

districts has, upon those occasions, been exerted in a manner which has seemed eminently wholesome and admirable. But this accidental bias proves little or nothing as to the actual merits of the case, although its party name of "Democracy" confuses the subject for the ill-informed. We have absolutely no right to assume that, after the newness of the brooms were worn off, the Republican party would govern the metropolis any better or with less extravagance and corruption than has its rival. The naked, undisguised fact is that the city of New York is simply the furthest advanced portion of our body politic on the democratic incline. It is already in a state of transition. Democracy is sullenly, slowly, but inevitably giving way to oligarchy. In ten years the vote will help to create nothing, of a local sort, save petty officers. The suffrage, no doubt, will be "universal" and "impartial," but it will be, as in France, almost powerless. In the latter happy country everybody votes for members of the Legislative Assembly; and the latter has little or nothing to do with the government. The ingenious arrangement by which the French Emperor preserves the forms of democracy while its essence is destroyed will be repeated among ourselves. The change will probably, or at least for a time, give us a better metropolitan government; but it will be gained absolutely and positively by the sacrifice of democracy and by nothing else.

But New York, we are told, is a spot on the sun—i. e., it is an exceptional city. We would ask, why and in what respects? It is exceptional in that it is the largest American city and in the superior rapidity of its development. That is, there have been more people to vote and more money for those who play upon popular ignorance and popular passions to scheme and swindle for. New York has travelled more rapidly down the democratic incline because the two elements of compact numbers and accumulated wealth have so willed it. We all know that large area, sparse population, an equable distribution of property, are more favorable to the longevity of democracy than contrary conditions. But what is to prevent Cincinnati, Chicago, Buffalo, New Orleans, San Francisco, or any other rapidly-growing great centre from becoming in turn just what New York has become, thus necessitating, in like manner, the unconstitutional subversion of the democratic principle which is impending and certain to come here? The example of New York teaches as plainly as any example can that the moment the elements of numbers and money approximate the standard of European capitals is found to be coincident with the moment when practical democracy can no longer be trusted to work. When our other cities get rich enough and big enough we shall probably see the same experience repeated. To talk of patriotism, the love of liberty, or other abstractions as prime motors where vast numbers and great wealth accumulate in cities, is an illusion. New York was pro-southern and anti-federal to the core, and she sent thirty thousand men into the Federal army.

It is certainly a very plausible thing to say that the wisdom of the many is better than the wisdom of the few, and it is, perhaps, impossible scientifically to refute it. As a politic concession to average human selfishness and egotism, the democratic principle has, undoubtedly, much to recommend it. It is true that we do not apply it on board fleets or at the heads of armies, or indeed in any situation—as in great cities—where the ignorance and folly of the majority might, and probably would, bring destruction upon all. We get over this by various flattering explanations; but the unvarnished one is that we have learned by experience that in numbers does not lie the essence of wisdom; we say it does for the sake of peace, but the moment a critical occasion arises we send the multitude to the right-about and entrust matters to dictators, to oligarchs, and to boards of control. The habit of flattering the crowd is with us carried to such an excess that new names are constantly invented to soften the sting of an unpopular measure. Were we to have a despot to-morrow he would not be called king or emperor, but something like "protector" or "stadtholder." His functions would be the old familiar ones, but his title would bear a sound of deference for the monarch, his predecessor, whom he had dethroned. Dexterity, in-

deed, in the use of names is one of the strongest weapons of the twin tyrants—the many and the one. The former swears that its reign alone is compatible with liberty; the latter—Napoleon III.—describes his throne as built on the rock of democratic principles.

It is difficult and probably impossible to form any just idea of the ultimate results of a political system by surveying the country where it is in operation at any one time. The tendency can only be deduced by comparison at many times. Hence the conclusions of extremists like Professor Blackie and Mr. Ernest Jones, Mr. John Bright and Mr. Lowe, are nearly always partial and unjust ones, since they cannot resist supporting their arguments by exceptional citations. With one class of English publicists ours must be the realized Utopia among governments, because it has crushed the rebellion and abolished slavery; with the other, America is a sort of political Gehenna, because she sends jail-birds to Congress and ostracizes intellectual ability. There is a certain amount of truth in both assumptions, but neither contains the whole truth. The victory of the North arose from causes which would have still existed whether the state were called a republic or a kingdom; while the condition of our legislature has its source in the fact not that we have no better classes, but that they are substantially unrepresented. Our real condition is usually exaggerated in England by both public speakers and the press; the necessity for using us as an example being the controlling cause. Politicians, from obvious motives, almost invariably claim more than they either believe or can prove; and their habit of bearing on favorite analogies distorts them out of nearly all fidelity to truth. Representations vary according to the immediate needs or aspirations of the hour. During the war the great mass of educated Englishmen cared not a straw what our form of government was or might become provided only we would fall in pieces; it is probable that to-day the numerical majority of Englishmen would rather see us fall in pieces than cease to continue a democratic republic; there are, however, very many signs which portend a repetition of the disappointment. The United States will continue in any event to be a great nation, perhaps the most powerful of which the history of our race retains any record; but that with its present tendencies the form of our political system can last is less likely, if indeed it be desirable.

Liberty, the public weal, not even the greatest good of the greatest number, are to be found in the unchecked sway of democracies. That demagogues will always pretend the reverse, and that plenty of sensible and educated as well as foolish and ignorant persons will always believe it, is equally certain. When mental philosophy becomes an exact science, and the absence of a necessity for labor smooths away the inequalities of education and condition; when a religion is found which can restrain from fraud, and a system of ethics devised which shall lead grey-haired men to be governed by the judgment of children; when demagogues can no longer make a profit by flattering the vanity of the numerous and foolish, and the press is capable of nobler things than following the example—then, indeed, we may deem ourselves at the threshold of a golden age of pure, lofty, and solid democracy. But at present the facts are otherwise, and hence spring endless mutations, and the consequent need for checks and balances, such as experience has shown we do not yet possess the art to construct. It is easy to delude ourselves with flattering hallucinations. From the key-note of Pogram or Jefferson Brick, nothing is simpler than to strike into jubilant choruses and imagine ourselves demi-gods. As *The Saturday Review* pertinently says, when a rich country has a democratic government, it is perfectly easy to ascribe its wealth to its political condition. Mere self-gratulations and delusions will not, however, help us to stem the current of difficulties, to live through the storm of trial which the anomalies of our system, subjected to extraordinary and unlooked-for strain, will shortly bring upon us. The subject is one of stupendous importance, and one which requires to be approached in a spirit of dispassionate sobriety. Without affecting to be able to solve the momentous problem, we purpose shortly to offer some considerations which, starting from the general basis already laid down, will attempt to estimate

and provide for the perils to be anticipated in the immediate future. Our position is, perhaps, more grave at this juncture than most of us realize. With the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of the government at open war, so that Congress is seriously contemplating the impeachment of the President and the abrogation of the decisions of the Supreme Court; with a country filled with trained soldiers, and the situation narrowly watched by several first-rate military commanders, Democracy, if not the Union, is in a hazardous position, and one which may at any moment become critical. If out of these dangerous and contending elements a great crisis be evolved, its difficulties will scarcely be adjusted by the voices of the many.

THE RAILROAD DESPOTISM.

WHETHER corporations exist for the convenience of the public or the public for the advantage of corporations, is a question on which railroad companies evidently entertain no sort of doubt. For years they have been philosophically experimenting upon the lengths of outrage to which popular pusillanimity would allow them to proceed—now corrupting state and national legislatures, now baffling justice in the courts, now laying embargoes upon commerce and erecting barriers against it—plundering travellers by excessive charges, carrying merchants' freight only so far and so frequently and in such manner as they please, and at uncertain intervals breaking the monotony by wounding, maiming, and murdering their passengers, rather than reduce their dividends by making needed repairs. But this familiar routine has been so long indulged in that the companies find it, not unprofitable certainly, but stale and flat. So a few months since, as if by accord, railroad and steamboat managers began to plunge into wild excesses of imposition and negligence, which, as usual, drew indignant remonstrances from the newspapers and forced legislatures into a show of irresolute resolutions.

The ordinary round of accidents was broken in the fall by the burning of a ferry-boat or two. Then, following the loss of the *Evening Star*, the passengers of the *Commodore* had a narrow escape with their lives because directors persisted in crowding them into an old, rotten boat, which inspectors would not license unless repairs were made that never were made, and which was entrusted to a captain who did not know his business and to an insufficient crew. Then Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt proceeded to show to what sublimity of insolence the chieftains of the railway banditti have attained. With the inherent delight that irresponsible rulers feel in strife and conquest when they can be carried on at other people's cost, this gentleman chose, in his capacity of lord of the Hudson River and Harlem roads, to declare war upon the oligarchy of the New York Central. The first step in the conflict was fortunately so outrageous as to ensure its speedy suppression. Railway wars, according to the Vanderbilt view, are to be waged against the passengers; and, holding with the writers on international law that "*inter armis silent leges*," he proceeded to suspend all regard for law so long as his dispute was pending. Passengers were left to enter and leave Albany by wading through the snow and carrying their own baggage, husbands struggling along with their wives, mothers towing their children, the sick and feeble creeping through storm and cold, all exposed to searching blasts freighted with disease and death. Commodore Vanderbilt, however, is as a constitutional monarch—say as English James II. to Spanish Philip II.—by comparison with the allied pirates in New Jersey headed by Mr. Edwin A. Stevens and Mr. Woolcott Jackson, the chieftains of the Camden and Amboy and the New Jersey railroads, and representing respectively the intensification of the insolence induced by avarice and of the insolence induced by imbecility. Mr. Stevens's genius would have won him pre-eminence in Algiers, but, finding his lot cast where it is, he has striven with very fair success to make of New Jersey an Algiers of his own. While his whole career and that of his company have been utterly lawless, their lawlessness has been due solely to the pursuit of gain. Hundreds of people have been slaughtered upon his road—at Burlington and at Bristol, along the whole length of his lines of rail

from Camden and Philadelphia to Amboy and New Brunswick—because twenty-five per cent. dividends required economical management, and nothing short of the apprehension of congressional interference with his monopoly could induce him to disgorge enough of his plunder to provide the security of a double track. But Mr. Stevens does not seem to take pleasure in killing people for its own sake. At least, he is willing that they should save their lives—if they can—provided he can wring from them enough of their money to make his own dividends, corrupt the members of the legislature, and pay the expenses of the New Jersey government. Mr. Jackson is different. Possibly, he does not pursue murder as a profession or a pastime, but he has succeeded, by ignoring the most obvious provisions for safety and turning a deaf ear to the remonstrances of travellers, coroners' juries, and common councils, in making his road a machine for the destruction of human life and limb. Such is his proficiency in this respect, as well as in the ejection from his cars of people who withhold their tickets until they are furnished seats or who refuse to pay a second time because their tickets are marked "Good for this day only," that he is rapidly amassing an accumulation of lawsuits which would seriously imperil his dividends if only the law were even-handed between individuals and wealthy corporations. The inefficiency of Mr. Jackson's management was thoroughly exemplified in the case of the heavy snow-storm last month. Snow-storms occurring every winter, Mr. Jackson has in readiness but one plough to clear his track, and for three days his road was useless, and communication effectually severed between New York and the South. To the intelligence of a New York *gamin* it would have occurred to send to Trenton, where there were ploughs, or at least to telegraph to Philadelphia and Washington to notify passengers of the obstacle; but Mr. Jackson allowed train after train to come to New Brunswick, pouring forth their thousands of men, women, children, and invalids, almost freezing, into a miserable little town, which afforded them no shelter and supplied them with villainous food at such extortionate rates as many, provided only with funds for a few hours' ride, were unable to command. At the same time the ferry corporations on both the North and the East rivers made a precisely similar exhibition of their entire disregard for their obligations to the public; and for days was seen the disgraceful spectacle of people unable to get to their business or their homes, or doing so, if at all, at the cost of hours of delay.

The troubles of the snow were only an exemplification of the impunity with which companies know they can disregard their contracts with the public. Proper appliances would have rendered every railway in the country ready for travel within ten hours of the end of the storm. Boats suitable for such navigation as the ferry managers very well know must occur every winter would have made their way through the ice with as much ease as the small tugs did during the whole blockade. But while the companies feel themselves at liberty to outrage the public convenience without loss to themselves, it is reasonably certain they will continue to do so. It is becoming an understood thing with the companies that their time-tables represent no obligations to the passengers. During the whole month of January, we are informed, not a train on the Morris and Essex railroad ran upon its stipulated time, while its accidents and delays are becoming so continuous and frequent as to drive to new homes the people resident on its route and dependent upon it for daily communication with New York. The carelessness of life is still more culpable. A correspondent of *The Tribune* states that, in examining the broken axle which caused a recent accident on the Hudson River road, he found the broken end rusted two-thirds of the way through, showing that the crack must have been a very old one; and that when he drew the attention of the engineer to the matter he learned not only that no examination of this axle had been made, but that examinations were never made. The same recklessness is apparently the case with the majority of roads in the country, while a great proportion of all the accidents that occur are attributable to cheap building, bad material, and a parsimony which neglects repairs that it may have dividends.

The complaints against the railroads have been loud enough and many enough to end the abuses if public opinion could in any way end them. The meekness with which the American people endure outrage is so well known by common carriers of every degree that some more effective protection than the passengers' individual pluck is needed. The evil might be ameliorated by an association which should undertake for an annual payment to prosecute the suits of any of its members against railroad companies. But Congress, under its power to regulate interstate commerce, is the only source whence effectual remedy can come. There is no redress in slow suits, carried from court to court until the aggrieved individual is glad to compromise and escape with pecuniary loss and his honor in his pocket. We need such enactments, uniform throughout the country, as shall ensure prompt remedy for injuries done and precautions against what are euphemistically termed accidents. The passenger should have the assurance of the national law that if he pays for a seat in a public conveyance he shall have it; that if he buys a ticket he shall be entitled either to the full ride it promises or to have his money returned; that if employees wantonly destroy or carelessly lose his baggage, he shall receive its value; that he shall not be thrust into a pestilent, unventilated, or unwarmed vehicle, or be outraged by the presence of intoxicated or otherwise loathsome ruffians. The companies should know that prompt penalties will follow every breach of contract with their customers, every detention, however caused, every accident which is not attributable to "the acts of God," every failure to render the services for which they are employed. Double tracks, telegraphs, substantial bridges, well-laid rails, safe boats, should be required under penalty of a forfeiture of franchise. Only in such stringent enactments, by a power which no company can tamper with, can the public find a refuge from the despotic indignities under which it groans.

THE THREATENED IMPEACHMENT.

UGHT President Johnson to be impeached? This question is flippantly answered by the heated partisans of either side to their own entire satisfaction. For ourselves, we cannot see that any one, with the limited information yet given to the public, is justified in answering it, whether yes or no. It is a question for the lower House of Congress to decide, and even they have no charges nor evidence as yet upon which to act. We have no hesitation in saying that if it is probable the President can be convicted of any high crimes or misdemeanors, such as are contemplated by the Constitution, he ought to be impeached. We are not among those who confound the regular process of impeachment with revolution. It is in no sense or degree a revolutionary measure. The removal of a President, after impeachment, trial, and conviction, is as much a part of the regular machinery of our government as is his removal by lapse of the four years of his term. There is no more reason why any disturbance, social or financial, should arise from it than from the ordinary change of one President for another after an election. It would be an unusual event, it is true; nothing of the kind having yet occurred in our history. So also was the assassination of Mr. Lincoln quite as unusual an event; and one much more startling, because unlooked for. If his death, wrought by crime and coming upon us suddenly, did not disturb for a day the regular working of the government, why should the removal of Mr. Johnson, by lawful means and with the public mind not unprepared for it, alarm or disturb us? We take it for granted that the hot-headed project of removing the President unlawfully, before trial and conviction, will not be entertained by Congress. The lower House and the Senate will both, we presume, confine themselves to their lawful functions; the one to accuse, the other to try the accusation and to pronounce sentence of removal in due course—that is, after conviction. Congress has no power to remove or to suspend the President; the Senate alone has the power of removal, in case of guilt proved.

If last year a presidential election had been held and at that election Senator John Sherman had been chosen President, to take office on the fourth of March next, who would anticipate disturbance of any kind from Mr. Johnson stepping out and Mr. Sherman stepping in on that day? If, then, it be decided by the Senate that President Johnson shall be removed, and Mr. John Sherman should happen to be President of the Senate and by virtue of his office be entitled to take Mr. Johnson's

place on the fourth or any other day of May, June, or July, what cause would there be in this for alarm?

The President may, and no doubt will, if impeached, complain that the court which is to try him is not full; will insist that the Constitution, in defining what shall be the court for trial of impeachments, confers a right upon the accused of which no power can lawfully deprive him. He will protest that to constitute the court senators from all the states must be members of it, and that the exclusion of any of them is in derogation of his right to be fairly tried. He will insist that trying him by a Senate not full is like trying a culprit in an ordinary court with a jury of only eight men. It requires a vote of two-thirds of the court to convict him; and he will urge that a conviction by two-thirds of a Senate from which eighteen or twenty members are shut out, would not be a conviction in the manner and by the proportion intended by the Constitution. We are not now arguing about the validity of these objections, but we wish to overlook no point of probable collision. These objections will be presented, if to any one, to the Senate itself; and the President cannot refuse to recognize the present number of members as the Senate, for that he is doing every day. The objections will be put in as a plea to the jurisdiction of the court. In this case, as in cases before other tribunals, the court itself must decide the question of its own jurisdiction. There is no revising tribunal to which to appeal; and the plea to the jurisdiction once decided, the decision is conclusive.

There is nothing disorganizing or revolutionary in the impeachment of a President, no more than there is in a presidential election, but we are used to elections and not used to impeachments; and this is the only apology for the alarm about the matter sometimes manifested. While the process is a perfectly regular one under the Constitution, and therefore the machinery of the government will work through it without a jar, yet, under the forms of law, wrong may be done both to the accused and to the country. The powers exerted may be lawful and yet be abused. The lower House, acting as an inquest, may abuse its powers, as grand juries sometimes abuse theirs. The Senate may fail to be impartial and just, as other courts sometimes fail in their duty. Impeachment and removal of a President for actual misdemeanor in office should strengthen rather than weaken faith in our form of government, as proving that, powerful as we have made our executive, he is no more than the rest of us beyond the reach of the law. On the other hand, to make use of the high remedy of impeachment for the purpose of getting rid of a chief magistrate simply because he is personally obnoxious to those who, for the moment, have this great remedy in their hands, would be a present scandal, and of dangerous example for the future.

There are rumors that the President's private habits are to be the subject of enquiry, and that among the charges likely to be preferred against him are certain vices which belong rather to the personal than the official character. When the Constitution speaks of "high crimes," it does not mean petty vices. Such vices may, by their influence on the judgment and intellect, render a man unfit for his public duties; nevertheless, the actual unfitness must be proved; the proof is not to be found in the vices themselves, but in official wrong-doing or official neglect. We trust we shall be spared a trial upon charges of this nature. We trust, too, that the lower House will not subject the country to the excitement of a trial at all unless the charges be of grave importance, and the evidence sufficient, if true, and of indubitable truth.

In an impeachment upon proper grounds, in a trial fairly conducted, and in a removal as a consequence of deserved conviction, we see nothing to cause alarm. The removal of a President in this lawful, regular way should no more affect public order or the public credit than does a change of ministry in Great Britain. In view of the possibility of such an event, the Senate are bound to be especially careful to choose as their presiding officer some one who will command the respect and confidence of the country. This done, they may proceed to discharge their duty as a court for the trial of the impeachment, fearless of any serious consequences, be their decision what it may.

We deprecate an impeachment and hope there are no good grounds for it. It will subject us, if conviction follows, to a President *pro tempore*, who, not having been chosen by the people and holding office for only a few months, can exert no influence for the permanent good of the country. It will bring on a presidential election prematurely, this autumn. Nevertheless, removal of the President, for good cause and after just conviction, should make no more disturbance than his death, an event to which we are liable every day. Removal merely for

party ends will be a calamity indicating that our political machinery is losing stability.

THE FINANCIAL FUTURE.

IF a merchant, finding his profits one year to be fifty thousand dollars, were to look upon himself as enjoying a fixed income of fifty thousand a year, and to govern his expenditures by such a view of his affairs, every one would say he was on the road to ruin. If our government acts upon the belief that, because last year it had an income in gold of one hundred and eighty millions, it is to have a revenue of equal amount in coin every year, it may find itself one of these days at a very dangerous point in its finances.

There were reasons why last year we should import very largely. During the war, in almost every family, there was a disposition to limit household expenditures. The demand was incessant for contributions to public purposes, not merely through the tax-gatherer but by voluntary gifts. It was uncertain how long the necessity for these contributions would last, and to what extent they were to encroach upon our means. Garments that would in former times have been thrown out of use were turned and patched and worn threadbare; carpets and sheets and blankets, and all manner of household stuff, were made to do duty to their utmost stretch of holding together. Neither the wardrobe nor the linen-closet was replenished to the satisfaction of good housewives. Of course we speak of the doings of the great mass. The flaunting shoddy contractors did otherwise; but they, though conspicuous, were few.

With the close of the war this uncertainty about our future condition ended. The burden left upon our shoulders was heavy, but it had ceased to grow. Housewives felt that they were justified in filling up the shelves again; husbands acquiesced. The effect of our entire population taking a sheer, as nautical men say, in one direction in this matter of personal expenditure, can be measured by recurring to the first year of the war. Under the influence of a general retrenchment, the annual revenue on imports fell off suddenly to thirty millions.

Senator Sherman tells us that, in little more than a year from now, the interest which we shall have to pay every year in gold will be one hundred and thirty-one millions; which is a sum far beyond any customs revenue ever received, excepting during last year. In fact, he also reminds us that year before last the gold revenue was only eighty-four millions. It is not safe to look upon last year as other than exceptional. The Secretary of the Treasury, with a folly common to most officials, is ever and anon telling us that *he* wants to regulate all this; that the imports are too large, and must, by governmental action, be reduced. He may find, too soon for his comfort, that laws infinitely more potent than any he can suggest or invoke have regulated this matter. His gold revenue having run up suddenly last year one hundred millions beyond that of the previous year, the fear of a wise man would be not lest the imports and the consequent revenue might thereafter be too large, but lest they might, under a natural reaction, largely fall off, to the inconvenience of his finances.

There is a great deal said about an inflated currency inducing extraordinary importations. No doubt a false currency gives false ideas and tends to wastefulness. But its power is limited. The great mass of men buy little beyond what they want for use. The supply of goods is regulated in the main by wants rather than whims. If our imports were, as the Secretary insists, excessive last year, if we imported more than our people needed for present comfort, every household will now have an overplus and demand less of the same things this year. Men may be induced to consume somewhat more under a false currency than under a true one; but the limit to this comes early. Under whatever currency, men buy by exchanging products; by giving something which they already have for something else which they want. The importer may pay for his goods by sending abroad not other goods, but a five-twenty bond; but when the imported goods are sold here, the consumer can buy only to the extent of such other goods as he can furnish. The farmer can buy only by parting with his hay or butter or cheese or cattle, the mechanic or day-laborer only to the extent of the labor which he can put into some useful product. It is not likely that the farmers will take to filling up their hay-mows with Belgian broadcloth or hardware or other foreign goods, to hold on speculation, and so create an undue rush of imported goods to this country. What the mass of consumers buy of these things they buy for immediate use. Here is a limit to excessive importations more certain in its operations

than any which the wisdom of a Secretary of the Treasury can supply.

Taking, not the last exceptional year, but the year preceding it, wherefrom to get an average of our annual income from imports, we shall find that the gold interest which we are now paying is equal to what we have a right to count on as our gold revenue. The revenue in that year was eighty-four millions; the annual gold interest on our bonds already issued is eighty-two millions. If it should happen in the year after next, when we have to pay one hundred and thirty-one millions of interest in coin, that the gold revenue should be only eighty-four millions, where would be the credit of the government, unless it had a large supply of coin on hand? Suppose such an annual deficiency of gold revenue should continue for two successive years.

It is plain that our government is doing some things and is urged to do others which it cannot afford to do, except at great peril of financial ruin. It cannot afford to restrict imports and cut off its own revenue. It cannot afford to impose prohibitory duties. It cannot afford to block, nor even to check, the activity of the people's business. Natural causes will do enough of this work. Above all, it cannot afford to issue, for the present, any more bonds bearing gold interest; nor to sell any of the coin it now has on hand, or any that it may gather during the coming year.

On the day when the Treasury shall be unprepared to pay its interest, as promised, in coin, or when, in order to do so, it shall be forced into the market to buy gold—on that day comes the deluge.

FEMALE DRESS.

AT this time when there is much pretence (with some reality) of artistic taste, when the arts of design are fostered in schools which furnish to their students all the aid that the most beautiful models of antiquity can give, and all the encouragement that praises, prizes, and flattering addresses can bestow; when from the labors of Wedgwood aided by the genius of Flaxman an impulse has been given to ceramic art which, stimulating the rivalry of continental manufacturers, widens the circle of improvement with each successive *Exposition* until the humblest eyes may be delighted in cup and platter; when the harmonies of color begin to dawn upon upholsterer's minds, and the community at large dimly feel that something beside expenditure is needed to make a room beautiful, it is time that people should cease to laugh at women for attaching too much importance to dress. It would be strange if men of taste should care to possess pretty pictures and not care to see women make pretty pictures of themselves, and in truth they will generally admire not the prettiest woman in a room, but the one who is dressed most becomingly, only they seldom know why they admire; but have an idea that good taste in dress is a natural peculiarity, like blue eyes or black hair, and that it is a sign of frivolity. Now, frivolous or very vain women seldom dress really well. They love dress not as a means but as an end, and they buy and wear everything that is new and pretty, without a thought of making their costume suitable to their person or temperament, to the society they are about to meet, or to the rooms and atmosphere that will form their surroundings.

The old English idea that French taste was mere love of decoration, and that a French woman dressed better than an English one solely because she was more frivolous and less virtuous, is slowly fading away before the better knowledge gained by constant intercourse, and perhaps the British mind may dimly feel that the women who have ruled the society of the most intellectual capital in the world through all its stormy periods, from the time when *Mdlle. de Fontanges* captivated *Louis Quatorze* with a blue ribbon until the present day, cannot have been solely occupied in dressing for the sake of dress. But the Puritanical idea that the love of dress is sinful still governs us in theory, and the caprice of young people for fine clothes is winked at and indulged, instead of guided, until it becomes really vicious both morally and aesthetically. If young ladies were told that to dress well was a duty, they might not care for it so much as a pleasure, and the same amount of time that is wasted in foolish shopping and incongruous purchases might, if bestowed on a careful consideration of suitable colors and fabrics, serve to educate their taste until it became like a Frenchwoman's, faultless, which means that they would attain a clear perception of the fitness of things. In such a case the fashions would not be followed so blindly as now they are, for people would not be so helplessly destitute of ideas of their own, and would perceive that it may be less elegant to be unfashionably than to be unbecomingly dressed. It is in vain to tell a woman

that her looks are of no consequence. Her instinct is infallible and her experience will prove its truth. Her beauty is a power, a defence, a weapon; although if she be a woman of any capacity, it is but a small part of the aggregate of forces she can use to lessen the inequality of her position in her social life. Ugly women are very fond of talking as if pretty ones had no brains, and pretty ones are too apt to give them some shade of reason; both, so far, fail to prove their fitness for an equality which is so vociferously claimed, and which ought to rest upon their capacity for developing in the highest degree qualities totally dissimilar to those of the opposite sex, but equally necessary to the government of society.

If women cannot excel in dress, the only thing that is left to their unaided judgment, the masculine mind can scarcely be blamed if it hesitates to entrust them with more serious responsibilities. Voting might be easier than choosing a bonnet, but the consequences of a mistake in judgment might be more serious to the community, though not to the individual. The same folly which chose a pretty bonnet, defying its unsuitability, would vote for the handsomest—however otherwise unfit—candidate. The same fond belief in the impossible which could lead to the idea that a magnificent cloak might cover or atone for all deficiencies in bonnet or boots, would assuredly give a vote to some prophet of an imminent Utopia wherein neither babies should cry, nor Irish cooks burn dinners, nor washing-days torture the grumbling household.

"No name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, title, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle—all—
And women, too, but innocent and pure."

Then, too, a worse thing might befall, for among the strong-minded, who would vote with an energy the greater from its long repression, bloomerism still has disciples. They could exert political influence, and bills might be passed compelling all the pretty girls who enliven Broadway and make Fifth Avenue a place to refresh the weary soul to cut off their hair and wear such hideous vestments as female doctors consider essential to the development of their faculties. But in all things evil there is still a grain of good, and the bloomer dress is highly suitable under certain circumstances—for example, in the gymnasium. And as time wears on it will be found that although it is incompatible with the spirit of the age that persons should wear clothing significant of their calling, in any more marked sense than in its shabbiness or bad taste, yet the pressure of physical labor in a climate so exhausting to the system as this will compel women to adopt a costume adapted to their work, to be worn only while engaged in it.

Nothing can be more distasteful to an educated taste than to see some fashion designed for a luxurious mode of life imitated in a wretched material, and worn tight where it should for convenience sake be loose, and long where its length is a nuisance, impeding the labor already sufficiently severe. If ladies would teach by example (the only way that ladies can teach servants) the comfort and the beauty of an appropriate costume, the servants would copy them in that as in other matters, and houses and children would be better because more easily attended to. But so long as women oscillate like pendulums between an extravagant and tasteless love of dress and an affected contempt for it, so long will New York exhibit in strongest contrast the extremes that meet: the extreme folly of the rich and the extreme folly of the poor who imitate them.

THE BOOK TRADE SALE.

PUBLISHERS are just now enduring the semi-annual visitations of emissaries solicitous of contributions—"invoices"—to the spring trade sale. THE ROUND TABLE has in previous seasons taken occasion to speak of the nuisance into which this auctioneers' institution has grown and of the injuries it is inflicting upon the entire book-dealing community. Publishers, we believe, are generally becoming heartily opposed to it, and are only withheld by a sort of intangible conservatism from following the lead of a few prominent houses in refusing to have anything to do with it. The benefits of the sale, or what pass for such, are obviously that it affords an inexpensive advertisement of old books and clears them from the shelves, and that small dealers who lack extended business connections and special advertising facilities find a market in this way. Beside these is the auctioneer's consideration that he secures a percentage on the sales, which is, of course, a loss either to buyer or seller, or both. Combining with these advantages to prevent the dis-

use of the custom is the apprehension of publishers that if they fail to contribute, their issues will become unknown to country booksellers and jobbers, and thus other books will supplant their own. But the experience of the houses which have thrown off the yoke has not justified these fears, and we are assured that an increase of profits as well as of self-respect has attended their emancipation.

The observation of experienced publishers furnishes weighty objections—from the interest of buyer as well as of contributor—to the continuance of the sale. Prominent among their objections are these—That the original motive for the sales—the difficulty which publishers had in bringing their stock to the notice of dealers by the use of legitimate means—has become inoperative by the perfection of more modern appliances to the same end. That the accumulation of unsalable books is obviated by the better judgment of publishers, by the greater demand, by more perfect facilities for communication. That market values are subjected to needless fluctuations, to the injury of wholesale and retail dealers alike, and that unscrupulous dealers, being afforded opportunity to retail books below the wholesale price, seriously unsettle legitimate trade. That country booksellers are, more frequently than is imagined, tempted into overbuying so largely as to cramp if not ruin their business operations, to the injury of publishers and jobbers as well as their own. That the wholesale dealer is subjected to unfair competition with the retailer, in that he can buy his 1,000 copies at no more advantageous rates than the latter his 5.

From this latter consideration the class of buyers upon whom the life of the trade sale depends are becoming so effectually disgusted that only the difficulty of securing unanimous action prevents their withdrawing *en masse*, and thereby allowing it to expire by inanition. In the same way the mutual apprehensions of publishers alone prevent their ceasing to contribute. Thus we have the singular spectacle of a superfluous channel of communication supported at considerable expense and annoyance both to those who supply and to those who receive from it. Concerted action at either of the ends would give the system its death-blow, but concerted action is difficult to bring about. The publishers are those to whom we naturally look for an abrogation of a custom whose origin was due to wants that are now supplied. To perpetuate the assemblage of country book-dealers who attend the trade sale as a means of facilitating communication, is as if Olympic games were to be held at Cambridge that the country might gather to hear the poets of the locality declaim their works. Books and newspapers have worked scarcely greater changes in the spread of literature than have been worked by modern appliances for communication among book makers, sellers, and users of every degree who choose to avail themselves of them. Our larger publishing houses are rapidly supplying themselves with periodicals of some sort designed quite as much to serve as adjuncts to their book trade as for their direct profits. Aside from these, a machinery much more effective than the trade sales, and at the same time less cumbersome, expensive, and antiquated, exists in the broadcast diffusion of price-lists, circulars, and catalogues. A semi-annual gathering in New York of booksellers from all quarters is absurd when by these means or by the use of regular media for communication—such as *The Publishers' Circular* or *THE ROUND TABLE*, which are presumed to go to every book-dealer—every publisher can reach his customers and the public as frequently as he pleases. In England little has been left undone that would add to the profits of the book-trade, yet England is destitute of a book trade sale. Here it will exist, in defiance of the interests of the purchasers and despite the groans of the publishers, just so long as they are timid or conservative enough to allow ten per cent. upon the sales to yield the handsome sum to the auctioneer that it does at present. The co-operation of a dozen leading houses is all that is necessary to end a relic, hardly, perhaps, of barbarism, but of an imperfect civilization.

ALBION PAPERS:

BEING FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

BY AN AMERICAN.

II. COVENT GARDEN AND THE TAVISTOCK.

I AWOKE at the Tavistock. Awoke with a hazy, soft, comfortable feeling of surprise to find that the bed was not rocking, that somebody in cow-hide boots was not continually tumbling down on the planks over my head, and that the heavy, everlasting swirl of waters rushing past my ears had ceased. We had come up to London by express train, and the lady who did me the honor to accompany me had gone directly into the coun-

try. Therefore I had gone to the Tavistock, which is a hotel to visit *en garçon*, since ladies are not upon any terms received there; a most ungallant exclusion, to be sure, but one that is not without its advantages. I had gone to the Tavistock for other reasons. First, because of having been there before and so knowing that I should be comfortable. Second, because it had been the favorite hostelry of a cherished friend who had since laid down his life in this cruel war of ours, and we had breakfasted there the last time we were together in London. Third, because, although the Tavistock is not now entirely the Tavistock of former times, Sheridan and Fox and Byron and a host of other great departed ones frequented it in other days, and I liked to be in their atmosphere. Fourth, because I had resolved, whether wisely or unwisely, to finish my evening with a Welsh rare-bit at Evans's, and thus there would be but three steps afterward to reach my lodging. Fifth, because I knew that I should awake on my first morning in London amid the sights and sounds and smells of Covent Garden, in the very heart of the grey old city; and, whatever they may be to others, those things are to me at times most agreeable and fraught with pleasant associations.

"Hot water, sir!" announced a short but cheerful and conciliatory voice; and how satisfactory to know that it was not *salt water*! and that, such as it was, it was steady and would not presently be rolling in puddles about my state-room to give me an unwilling foot-bath on turning out. [*Mem.* Never again on any temptation to take passage in a screw steamer. No doubt they may be fast enough and safe enough and better pot-boilers for their owners; but say what you will or do what you will a screw will roll, like a rocking-horse, the wrong way, and a sailing ship is out and out the most comfortable. Go in a paddle by all means if you wish to enjoy a fair amount of equilibrium—to say nothing of avoiding that ceaseless wrench which makes the after part what it should not be, the least comfortable portion of a ship.] "Hot water, sir!" and I opened my eyes and ears to see the familiar tawny yellow atmosphere, to hear the well remembered hum of the market people close below and the regulated roar of the vast metropolis far around. The Welsh rare-bit had not disagreed, fortunately—nor anything else which had been its concomitant; and it is a very nice and, if I may be permitted to judge, rather an unusual thing to awaken on a first morning in London under such happy circumstances. For the temptations and excitements of a fresh arrival are many and besetting, and—especially after a tempestuous voyage—one is apt to face them with indifferent resolution. Moreover I had had a young New Yorker with me, and a fine young fellow he was, who had never before been in England, and we had been the rounds in an humble way seeing more sights and partaking of more varied cheer than could be found at Evans's.

The Tavistock to a modern American taste certainly seems a very odd sort of hotel. It is not like the Fifth Avenue or the Revere or the Continental. It has not tessellated floors and splendid drawing-rooms, nor a big bar-room, nor hot and cold water on every floor, nor marble-topped furniture, and very few of what in New York we call modern improvements. The passages are dark and narrow and intricate, the furniture is very, very old, and sooth to say there is a musty flavor about things generally. It is, however, tolerably—for a London old-fashioned house, *very*—clean; the servants are capitally trained and more like servants, for all their black suits and white neck-cloths, than those we are most accustomed to see; the breakfasts—you get no dinner there—for English breakfasts are of the best; and, above all, there is an air of antique respectability and assured position about the place that no amount of flashy expenditure can possibly confer upon a new one. Those who seek fashion and style may find them, of course, further west at Morley's, Long's, Mivart's, Fenton's, or the Clarendon—and can pay for them. But the Tavistock, though quite "the thing" in a certain sense, is not frequented by the new rich or such as feel the need to cut a dash. Neither is it a resort for traders of any description. It is a gentleman's house in a quiet way; a house for officers, men from India, barristers, an occasional member of Parliament, a few stray Americans perhaps—not of the shoddy and petroleum sort, who scorn its homely yet dignified attractions—and old gentlemen generally who have fought the battle of life thousands of miles away, to come back in the evening of their days to feel a little strange and lonely anywhere else, perhaps, but who are quite at home at the Tavistock. There are other ancient hotels about the quadrangle in which stands Covent Garden Market—the Hummums, old and new, the Bedford, Richardson's, and the Piazza—but the Tavistock is, perhaps, the best specimen of the rusty, time-honored, fast-fading, eminently-respectable-in-decay old hotels which once were

the height of fashion and which even now none but snobs venture to speak lightly of.

There is little change here in the seven years since last I slept in the same room and was attended by the same servant in apparently the same suit of sombre, well-brushed raiment; his nose is a tinge ruddier, perhaps, his eye a trifle moister, and there are a few more threads of silver in his decorously arranged hair; but what changes I saw in driving through the streets in a swift hansom the night before! A huge palace, glittering with golden fret-work, covers the space where stood Hungerford Market and whence ran the Suspension Bridge; Portland Place is masked by another—also a grand hotel—and a third has arisen close by Buckingham Palace, and several others approach completion in the same vicinity. My last memory of Covent Garden Theatre was of the blackened columns in Bow Street which fire had left of the *façade*; but the new opera house—the old name was not fashionable enough—is far more splendid and spacious than its predecessor, and throws its neighbor, poor, dark old Drury Lane, hard by, more completely in the shade. Yet the changes in the centre of the town are nothing to those in its outskirts and suburbs. London changes and grows as well as does New York; the difference lying chiefly in this, that the middle of the town, being substantially finished once for all, the signs of growth and improvement are mostly to be seen at its outer boundaries, which have little or no historical associations; while New York thus far has a tendency to change everywhere.

Speaking of the great hotels—which are avowedly splendid imitations of the American models—those who are familiar with both London and New York cannot but be struck by the tendency which exists in both cities to adopt many habits and customs of the other. A few years ago such a thing as a *table d'hôte* was scarcely known in London. An Englishman would almost as soon have thought of walking down Regent Street in his dressing-gown and slippers as of sitting down to his dinner at a table with strangers. In like manner, within the same time an American from home scarcely even dreamed of dining in any other way. At present the change seems exactly reciprocal. People at the great new hotels of London are found living in the American style, while in New York at the newest and most *recherché* houses the old fashion of London is rapidly coming into vogue. The exchange is even running into bar-rooms and other places where drink is sold. Formerly no Englishman thought of taking such refreshment unless comfortably seated at his leisure; the custom prevalent here of drinking while standing at a bar was almost unknown there; but now, while in New York people begin to sit down to their liquor, pure American houses with American drinks and the American way of taking them are springing up all over London. In many other ways—notably in political directions—England is becoming Americanized, while, if America is not becoming Anglicized, there are some strong tendencies in such a direction. Undoubtedly, the strongest current towards democracy in England is coincident with something very like reaction among ourselves; but THE ROUND TABLE gives, perhaps, a sufficiency of political discussion elsewhere.

Covent Garden, as we have seen, is not now a fashionable locality; yet perhaps no other spot in London is so near what are, especially to a stranger, so many interesting localities. Within a radius of half a mile are Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Lyceum, the Adelphi, the Strand, Her Majesty's, and the Haymarket Theatres; the Thames, the Strand, Temple Bar, Temple Gardens, Trafalgar and Leicester Squares, Pump Court, Northumberland House, the National Gallery, the old palace of Whitehall, and the Horse Guards; the Cider Cellars, the famous Judge and Jury, the Great Cigar Divan, and a host of other historically renowned or especially attractive places and things. The indescribable morning noises, therefore, which disturb the ears of those who lodge at the Tavistock and which emanate from the thousand lungs of market men and women busy at their stalls or wagons may be better borne in view of the convenience of the situation. It is quite true, however, that distance is of far less consequence in London than in New York. The swift and comfortable cabs which take one anywhere for sixpence a mile are always and everywhere within hail; and the distressing omnibuses and loathsome street-cars with which we are forced for no good reason to content ourselves at home, do not in London drive the sojourner to plant himself close by the places he most desires to frequent. However, we shall change all that at no distant day, and the worse our nuisances for the present the greater and more restless will become the accumulating pressure which will force relief.

The Tavistock, then, after these seven years was un-

changed. My respectable, red-nosed, blacked-suited and white-cravatted attendant remembered me precisely as if I had been there yesterday. He immediately enquired for my lost friend, and expressed considerable feeling and great astonishment when I spoke of the manner of his death. He asked if Indians had not had a great deal to do with the war, and evinced subdued incredulity when I assured him that such was not the case. "A kind, good gentleman he was, sir," he observed; "always dreaming and philosophizing, but with a pleasant word for everybody. If he'd stayed here and not gone off to those barbarous wilds, he might a been alive and comfortable this very minute." Altogether he seemed to think seven years an unjustifiably short time for a gentleman to go off to a war and get killed in it; and his regret, which appeared quite genuine, was tempered by a hazy but very obvious disapproval of the whole proceeding. Very different were the prevailing sentiments of the coffee-room to which I soon after descended, and where I found precisely the same clerks and waiters, precisely the same furniture, and precisely the same guests familiar to me long before. Not a change was perceptible even in the arrangement of the tables, the position of the copies of *The Times*, or the quality and variety of the viands. One might have slept the whole seven years, and on coming down stairs would have found no alteration from the previously remembered day to excite his remark, with the single exception of the conversation, which was all about the war—this was in September, '64—and all, so far as I could hear, in favor of the Confederates. Several of those present were Indian officers—bluff, authoritative, and truculent—and to a man they believed in the entire success of the Southern arms and that right was entirely on the side which appealed to them. The extraordinary revolution in opinion which a few short months were to bring was at this time not dreamed of, and it would have been possible to get bets for any amount on the establishment of Confederate Independence. On the whole I found, with a very few strong exceptions, that the convictions of military Englishmen upon this subject were unanimous ones. It was among very different classes alone that contrary persuasions were to be met with. Among fashionable people, members of the wealthier classes, the two arms of the service, and the higher orders generally, the actual result of our struggle brought the astonishment and a little also of the consternation which is produced by an unexpected thunderbolt; but these classes have learned more about America since than they ever knew before, and if as a consequence of that knowledge they do not love her better, they certainly now respect her.

"The Yankees, sir," declared an erect, irate person of sixty, with brushed-up, furzy, yellow-grey hair, a fresh ruddy face, and most gentlemanly morning dress—"the Yankees are getting the drubbing we should have given them long ago; they are a race of mere canting, skinning, money-grubbing, shop-keeping hybrids, with no pluck and no military qualities. The Southerners are the true English stock, and they are fighting for English principles." And the gentleman spoke the universal feeling of his profession and his order. However, I scarcely expected to find Northern patriots at the Tavistock, and in this instance was not patriotic enough to challenge an argument. I ate my rasher and boiled egg, and sipped my tea, buttered my toast, and read my *Times* as religiously as any Englishman of the party; which is more, I am convinced, than the gentleman himself would have done had he been in New York and overheard objectionable sentiments, say, about a possible rising in Ireland. As a rule, however, I incline to think that Englishmen get more credit for reticence than they deserve. To "speak out" one's sentiments when they will probably be distasteful to hearers is, so far as my humble opportunities have enabled me to judge, more common among educated people in London than it is in New York. This disposition to testify to the faith that is in them I have, indeed, sometimes found so marked in the former city as to lead men reputably of average good breeding to go out of their way to make a regular set at a stranger of known strong convictions, with the view to draw him out by sharply traversing them. In mitigation, it should be said that party feeling ran very high in England at the time of our war—almost if not quite as high as among ourselves—and that curiosity more than incivility may have prompted such manoeuvres as I describe.

The breakfasts at the Tavistock are very plain; chops and steaks, in addition to the eatables I have named, constituting the whole bill of fare. But everything is of the best of its kind, and either a Scotch or an American breakfast is to most English tastes unwholesome and unattractive. It is, however, a great charm about London that you can get literally anything you wish, and that at

almost any price and at almost any time. You can get a decent breakfast anywhere at from a shilling to a guinea, and the former will be quite palatable and satisfactory. You can get a dinner, ostentation apart, quite as good as a man of simple taste cares to eat for half-a-crown at a hundred places within as many yards of Covent Garden. There can be no doubt that at this moment, rent and clothing and provisions included—in short, all living expenses—London is one of the cheapest cities in the world, as New York is one of the dearest; and it is equally certain that if this state of things continues American families will flock more and more to Europe each year, just as the English themselves flew to the continent to escape the intolerable cost of living at home which succeeded the peace of 1815. If legislators do not devise some way to lighten the heavy burdens that oppress us, it is clear that much capital will be withdrawn from the country and industrial interests suffer accordingly. We have surely had examples enough in European experience of this as well as many other affairs, and if we have the good sense we claim we should profit by them. These things take time perhaps, and perhaps nations will always refuse like individuals to profit by the experience of others. Still, as we are exceptional in so many things, it would be very comfortable if we could only condescend to be exceptional in this one. So at least I thought regarding the subject of public conveyances as, having finished my breakfast and left my trueulent friend to abuse the Yankees, I stepped into a comfortable hansom and bowled away through the warm yellow fog towards the West End.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, January 10, 1867.

SKATERS in the parks of London will have reason to remember the frost of this winter. Not less than sixty persons will probably turn out to have lost their lives by that unfortunate cracking of the ice in the Regent's Park the other day of which our papers will have conveyed you full accounts. Our celebrated preacher, Newman Hall, had a narrow escape, having been skating on the very spot of the accident for three hours, and having only just taken off his skates when the crash came. He will "improve the occasion," as it is called, to-morrow; for he is one of those preachers who like to take a public event for the theme of their discourses. How Dr. Cumming, great in prophecy, must envy him! though his prophetic eye would have enabled him to give a timely warning, perhaps, to prevent the accident altogether had he only been there. Hall will call upon his congregation to join with him in thanks for his providential escape, and will of course only suggest indirectly that he was a worthier person than any of those unhappy sixty whose bodies have been found by the dismal hooks of the Humane Society. These are mysteries I must not meddle with. Why that poor lady who lost a fine son only eight months since by accidental drowning is now again called on to endure the misery of the loss of her only remaining boy by this terrible calamity, and is herself so stricken down with grief that her recovery is looked upon as hopeless, who shall tell. For one that dropped exhausted through the broken ice and was lost, there must have been four at least who saved themselves or were saved. It is surprising how many persons you meet who have a story to tell of their own relatives' or friends' escape. The editor of one of our chief reviews, an eminent man of letters, had a son, a youth, who was on the ice and was rescued after much difficulty. That story of the dog which the papers publish should be noted by compilers of anecdotes of animals. It is strictly true, which is more than can be said of all the wonderful stories in Mr. Jesse's books. The poor creature, a large, black Newfoundland dog, would have saved his master if he could have found a little space of clear water. He was seen plunging among the huge fragments of ice, which continually yielded under his struggles, obstructing and rendering him powerless, and since then in all the bitter weather of day and night he has watched that spot—for his master has not yet been found—refusing food, as the park men assure me, until a kindly policeman took him in a friendly way into custody, and gave him warm quarters at the station-house, where he will probably become a pet of the "A Division," and as famous in his way as "Old Bob," the fireman's dog—who deserved the Victoria cross if ever dog did.

There will not be one of your readers who will think I have thrown my space away by giving a few lines to that poor gentleman's dog. A love of dogs belongs to those touches of human nature which make the whole world kin. I was wondering the other day, *apropos* of some recent cases I am going to mention, how it is that that terrible word "hydrophobia" does not raise an outcry

against dogs sufficient to excite to a general massacre and extermination of the canine race, and could find no reason for it except the great preponderance of man's affection for that faithful servant. I can remember the time when dogs only went mad and bit people in the hot weather. They held off, as a rule, till Parliament rose; and then, when the debates were out of the papers and space abundant, they raged furiously about the streets of great cities and small towns, and did

"Delight
To bark and bite,
For 'twas their nature to."

But one of those writers who are fond of "historic doubts," and of going about unsettling those beliefs which have been implanted in us by our grandmothers, suddenly found out that hydrophobia had nothing to do with hot weather. He discovered that the name of the "dog days," a period when it is supposed to be at its height, is derived from some Egyptian superstition connected with the worship of dogs at that period, and has nothing at all to do with hydrophobia. No sooner did this intelligence get wind among the dogs of the metropolis than they began to bite all through the "recess," and scrupled not to propagate their insane fury among Christian people both in and out of season. Nowadays the hardest frost will not keep a dog in his senses. There was lately a poor woman at Bradwell, in Buckinghamshire, who had a child bitten in this way. The dog was promptly drowned; but no March hare ever proved madder than that poor child. Its mother went to the trouble of fishing the wretched cause of her distress out of the river and extracting the animal's liver, which she frizzled before the fire and gave to the child to eat. The child, however, died in spite of this remedy, wholesome and nutritious and hitherto held infallible in those parts. One Jacob Coplestone, a city merchant, got into a railway carriage here a week or two ago, and was instantly bitten by a dog who was travelling without a ticket and otherwise defying the company's by-laws. Poor Coplestone is no more. He prophesied his own end at the time in the remarkable words, "Ah, that dog will be my death." And dead he is. There is no doubt of that, and even the most sceptical must admit that the melancholy event, if not *propter hoc*, is at least *post hoc*; which is strange. The doctors in this case had no doubts. Some years ago a writer in one of our reviews took up the ingenious hypothesis that, in spite of numberless cases reported in the papers, and even gravely recorded in medical books, "hydrophobia" does not and never did exist. I am not prepared to go as far as that; but it is surprising how plausible a sceptical turn of mind was enabled to make this theory. The common course, he said, was for the doctor who found a patient troubled with a spasmodic affection of the throat to ask whether his patient had ever been bitten by a dog; and as most people have been bitten by a dog at some time or other, and there is absolutely no statute of limitations in the matter—at least according to the popular belief—it is ten to one he would get an answer in the affirmative. Verdict of twelve tradesmen, ignorant of medical science, Died of hydrophobia, with general recommendation that all dogs who have their tongues out be drowned or their owners prosecuted. Nobody, indeed, can read the medical books on this curious subject without seeing how little is really ascertained about it. Dr. Watson, one of our most eminent surgeons, never saw but four cases in all his vast experience, two of which he himself doubted; and the other two of which any one may believe in who will. On the other hand, Mr. Gilman, the surgeon—worthy old Mr. Gilman, in whose pretty house at Highgate Samuel Taylor Coleridge was for so many years and until his death a welcome guest—saw dozens of cases, all in his own little suburban village. He published names and details; and if he had not been an enthusiast for hydrophobia—prone to see hydrophobia in any patient who declined to drink off a jug of water at a draught—and if it were not quite impossible that Dr. Watson and he could both be sound on this point, he ought to be believed. But we see how the doctors differ. "Incurable and mysterious disease," say the English surgeons. "Perfectly curable, and not at all mysterious," say the French surgeons. For the fact is that the English surgeon, having settled that nobody can cure hydrophobia, would never think of calling anything hydrophobia if he happened to cure it. The Frenchman is troubled with no such dogma. That is all. Lately, however, we seem to be coming to French notions on this subject. Here is a Robert Delafosse Shield—no Dr. Hunter this—no graduate of medicine of the New York University, but a member of our own sacred College of Surgeons, who never advertises, and is supposed to be perfectly sound on cod-liver oil. This great English medicine man has just cured a poor man, one John Harris, a farm servant of Silverstone, Northamptonshire, of a most furious attack

of hydrophobia. As to the dog, scarcely had he completed the tragic business ere he expired "in great suffering, especially from spasmodic closure of the jaws." One Sunday evening, seven weeks afterwards, John Harris was found in a pitiable condition.

"The attack" (says Dr. Shield) "had been ushered in with sickness, and he had now fallen on the floor, suffering from great mental excitement, and was with difficulty restrained by several men. Each paroxysm came on with a wild, sharp cry of 'Hi! hi!' when he forcibly raised himself up and then immediately threw himself backwards, convulsed in all the muscles of the neck and jaws, with foaming at the mouth. Each paroxysm lasted a few minutes only. In the intervals, which were also of a few minutes only, he appeared conscious, and would utter, 'Oh dear!' in a subdued voice, as though he were greatly exhausted."

Repeated doses of chloroform and laudanum—a happy notion of Dr. Shield, who was fortunately able to try it at once in *corpo vile*—soon brought John Harris round, though somebody will no doubt say that it could not have been hydrophobia by that same token. Any way, it has been proved within a very few days past that our doctors may be wrong in these matters. On Christmas eve last the wife of James Edwards, a porter, was taken ill, and died a few days afterwards. This wretched woman, in the course of her ravings, accused her husband of being the cause of her sufferings. "Did little Bobby," she asked her sister, "tell you I was mad? I am no more mad than you are; I have been poisoned by the medicine my husband gave me." This was the sufferer's theory; but "Doctors Blenkern and Moody," who were called in, gave a different opinion. They pronounced the patient to be suffering from hydrophobia, and accordingly, "before her death" (says the report) "she had been seized with violent spasms, and she had shown a great aversion to the sight of water." Yet, for all this, it was proved by the post-mortem examination and the testimony of the hospital surgeons that she died from inhaling or sucking "arsenical green," which she had been using for making fancy paper chains; and the jury, in spite of Doctors Blenkern and Moody, returned a verdict that "the deceased came by her death by a corrosive poison."

I hope that the recent escapade of a well-known literary gentleman and an eminent publisher, which has been brought to light in our police reports, will not lead any trans-Atlantic censor to infer that the dramatic critics of our daily papers claim, as a rule, admission at the back doors of our theatres or the *entrée* of actresses' dressing-rooms. Neither will any London correspondent of your papers, I hope, repeat the mistaken information of one of our local journals that one of the gentlemen engaged in this affair, which has caused great scandal in our literary circles, was "Mr. James Payne, the hitherto respected editor of *Chambers's Journal*." The gentleman referred to was not Mr. James Payne, of the Edinburgh journal, who is, I believe, a very respectable gentleman of sober life and conversation, but Mr. James Bertrand Payne, the author of a work on the Channel Islands and the only active partner of the firm of Moxon & Co., the publishers of Tupper's and Tennyson's poetical works. The facts have been much misrepresented; but the truth is simply this: Mr. Bertrand Payne and Mr. Mortimer Collins, the latter a principal contributor to our *Globe*, now a Tory organ, presented themselves a few nights since at the stage door of "The Alhambra" and demanded admission on the ground that they were gentlemen connected with *The Globe*. The doorkeeper not unnaturally refused, and the gentlemen persisting, sent for the assistance of two powerful attendants in livery, who do duty in the front of the house. These officers having discovered that one of the two gentlemen "connected with *The Globe*" had forced himself as far as the threshold of the ladies' dressing-rooms, and that the other was flourishing a loaded stick and daring the defenders of the citadel to interfere with him, immediately closed with the offenders, who, after a severe struggle, were put out much bruised and torn, and with as many black eyes apiece as it is possible for a gentleman to have. As to the condition of the gentlemen, one of the witnesses gave the following curious evidence, as reported in the papers:

"Mr. Knox (the magistrate). Were they drunk?"

"Witness. Mr. Payne was not exactly drunk; but Mr. Collins was more so."

"Not exactly drunk, but more so," will probably pass into popular use as a new definition of a certain shade of intoxication. Although poor Payne has ever since been confined to his bed with "injury to the spine," nothing more would probably have been heard of this disgraceful affair if the two disturbers of the peace had not ventured to give into custody one of the attendants who afterwards proved to have had no part whatever in the scuffle. Our sacred right of liberty having been infringed in the person of this attendant, law is invoked and the whole scandal is, I suppose, to be published in fuller de-

tail. How Mr. Swinburne must exult over this peccadillo of the publisher who indignantly refused to allow the name of Moxon & Co. to be associated any longer with his *Poems and Ballads*, how shocked and humiliated must Tupper be! It is only fair to *The Globe* to say that its editor immediately repudiated all connection with the scandalous affair in the following letter to the manager of the theatre:

"THE GLOBE OFFICE, 137 Strand, W. C.
LONDON, Jan. 11, 1867.

"SIR: Having heard indirectly that the name of this paper and of persons admitted by you for purposes of criticism only were used last evening for other purposes, we beg to say that this application was quite unauthorized by us, and we shall be glad if in future you will not admit any person using our name."

We have had an odd case of plagiarism lately. Lady Herbert of Lea, who has become famous of late for her secession to the Church of Rome and her book of memoirs of some modern saints who had never before been heard of in this country, has just published, through Mr. Bentley, a narrative of her *Impressions in Spain*. No sooner did this work fall into the hands of Mr. Henry Blackburne (an American gentleman, I believe) than he discovered in it passages identical with portions of his own work, entitled *Travelling in Spain in the Present Day*, which was published last year by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. Called on to explain in *The Times* newspaper, her ladyship writes to that journal the following singular letter:

"SIR: Having read a letter in *The Times* of this day, signed by the author of *Travelling in Spain in the Present Day*, I regret the extraordinary coincidence of parallel description, which might have been avoided had I read the book before my manuscript went to press."

This reminds one of Byron's line upon Coleridge's account of the Kantean philosophy:

"I wish he would explain his explanation."

The Pall Mall Gazette, not very politely though very naturally, suggested that, as the very words were the same in each case, both parties must have pilfered from a common source; but Mr. Blackburne has since written to assure the editor that "the extracts in question" are taken from "his own notes of the journey made on the 7th of November, 1864, and which were published for the first time last year." Since this her ladyship has been silent.

The following passage on Mr. Spedding's book on *Authors and Publishers* and his edition of Bacon's works is from a notice in our *Publishers' Circular*. I quote it here not only for the interest it has for American readers but also in justice to Mr. Spedding, on whose work I sent you lately some not very favorable criticism:

"It is worth noting that, if we had had a copyright convention with the United States, Mr. Spedding's indictment against English publishers would probably never have been written. It is undoubtedly a hard case that Mr. Spedding's twenty years of labor have not proved remunerative to him. No one can read his sketch of the motives and feeling which induced him to take up the task of preparing a standard edition of a great English classic; his dream of an edition of Bacon which should make his works at once popular and acceptable to the learned reader; or his touching and really eloquent tribute to the character and attainments of his late friend and fellow-laborer, Mr. Ellis, without wishing that a spirit like this might always meet at least with that modest reward with which scholars of his stamp are generally content. Our copyright law, though the best that human ingenuity has been able to devise, is necessarily a clumsy and frequently an ineffectual mode of remunerating literary labor. It often secures for a merely ephemeral work a far larger reward than for a work of great and enduring value. The fact that Mr. Spedding's edition of Bacon's works has not been so remunerative to its editor as it is creditable to English literature, is unfortunately not so hard to understand that we should go with Mr. Spedding in search of reconduct reasons. The fact is that our reading population is not yet large enough, or earnest students not yet sufficiently numerous, to make such an undertaking a commercial success. How different the case might be, and with what advantage to the interests of mankind, if the English and American people formed but one market for the publisher on either side, any one on a moment's reflection may perceive. Mr. Spedding, it appears, actually received from the American house of Hurd & Houghton a slight percentage upon the retail price of the American reprint of his work, 'in voluntary and unsolicited acknowledgment' of his claim as editor. The fact is highly honorable to the American publishers, who could not be expected to do more unless protected by copyright. It is pretty evident from the result of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's enterprise that the two communities would have furnished Mr. Spedding with enough book-buyers to secure him his just reward. We happen to know that there was originally a considerable demand in America for the London edition of Mr. Spedding's work, until Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's reprint was announced, upon which a large number of copies which had been sent to the United States were returned here as unsalable—the reprint being in possession of the market. The wastefulness of this system of double printing must be evident. It is here that the fund out of which the

English or American scholar might be paid is dissipated to the great detriment of letters. What is lost, indeed, for want of this encouragement for the higher kind of literary labor none can tell. Enthusiastic men of learning will indeed often toil for love of their task alone; but it is neither just nor politic to rely upon such motives. As Mr. Forster, we think, has said of men of genius generally, 'the world cannot afford to let them starve.'

The Reader, a weekly critical, literary journal, has failed to come out to-day. The alleged cause is the sudden objection of the printer to assist in promulgating another line of certain supposed confessions of a suicide forwarded from the other world, with which the expiring *Reader* has been endeavoring to make the hair of quiet folks stand on end; but I am afraid that *The Reader* will appear no more.* It made a terrible mistake last week, in inserting a savage attack upon the conceit and pomposity of the "author's preface" to Dr. Latham's new edition of *Johnson's Dictionary*, in perfect unconsciousness of the fact that the "preface" referred to was not Latham's but Johnson's. Few critical literary journals could have survived that; but the fact is that *The Reader* has been at death's door these three months. It had lately passed under the proprietorship and editorship of Mr. Thomas Bendish, and was not without occasional good articles, but on the whole was too heavy and pedagogical. It was projected some years ago—if not by Mr. Macmillan, the publisher, certainly by persons in close connection with him. Mr. Edward Dicey was its first editor, and Thomas Hughes and J. M. Ludlow principal contributors. *The Pen*, a three half-penny literary journal, started a week or two ago, is a ridiculous failure, and will need no further notice from me.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

MR. FROUDE'S ELIZABETH.

MR. FROUDE—after exploding the accepted theory that the unbridled lusts of Henry VIII. afford the clue to the great events of his reign; after showing that that monarch had his passions, if, indeed, he had any passions, entirely in subjection, was guided solely by the counsels of his ministers for the interests of his realm, and was, on the whole, a prince whose life was one of self-abnegation for the public weal; after making wretched 'Bloody Mary' "entirely free from the passions which in general tempt sovereigns into crime," and imposing the load of her guilt upon Cardinal Pole, Bishop Gardiner, and her own inferred insanity—after promulgating all these extraordinary views, Mr. Froude might have been expected to avail himself of the real elements of greatness in Elizabeth's character to glorify her beyond all precedent. But Mr. Froude's fondness for paradox is such that his selection of paradoxes is itself paradoxical. Having already overwhelmed Anne Boleyn's memory with irrefragable evidence of the basest and most degrading guilt, and thereby—as he did by presenting other considerations in the first Catharine's and in Ann's divorces—transformed one of Henry's falls into an heroic step toward greatness, there would have been no novelty in making Mary Stuart's condemnation contribute to the exaltation of Elizabeth. Elizabeth's entire conduct toward the Queen of Scots has been often enough proven the only blemish on an otherwise untarnished fame; but it is Mr. Froude's own conception to make her treatment of her cousin the one instance in which she pursued a straightforward and long-suffering policy. The Elizabeth whom Mr. Froude gives us—at least so far as these two volumes go—is not the great queen of England, the greatest sovereign of the Tudor line. She is not, it is true, what the Duchess of Parma—blundering as the world blundered a few years ago about Louis Napoleon—thought she was, a fool. She is not quite as bad as the picture of the Spanish minister, De Quadra, who wrote to his master, "The spirit of the woman is such that I can believe anything of her. She is possessed by the devil, who is dragging her to his own place;" and again, "This woman is possessed with a hundred thousand devils." But she is "without the minor scruples which embarrass timid consciences;" she is a "compound of self-confidence and irresolution;" so incapable of forming a decision or of keeping to it when formed, of adhering to promises solemnly made, or of sustaining her allies and ministers, that, but for the support of Cecil and the embarrassments of her rivals, she

* We really hope that our correspondent may prove to have been mistaken. *The Reader* has been, we think, in many respects a useful and interesting friend of literature, and we shall be glad to hear, whatever its mistakes—and what paper is entirely free from them?—that its life is to be healthfully and indefinitely prolonged.—ED. ROUND TABLE.

† *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Vols. VII., VIII. (Reign of Elizabeth, Vols. I., II.) New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

must have been utterly ruined before the close of those first nine years of her long reign which are included in these volumes.

Elizabeth was fortunate in that she ascended the throne when the atrocities of her miserable sister had so maddened the people that all parties alike hailed her accession with joy. But she was surrounded with difficulties on every side. England had been made bankrupt by her father's wars and kept so by waste during the reigns of her brother and sister; pestilence and famine had devastated the country; its military power was decayed; arsenals, dockyards, and treasury were alike empty; and, to crown all, it had been dragged by Mary's Spanish marriage into war with France. At home it was little better. The succession was insecure, the two sisters of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey having many powerful adherents among the Protestants, and Mary Stuart having in her favor not only the power of France, but, after the death of her husband, the support of the Catholics and the desire of both English and Scotch statesmen to see the island united under one rule. Still further to complicate matters were the religious animosities of the day. The Protestants were bent upon revenge for the cruelties they had suffered under Mary; but the Catholics were in an immense majority, and to attack them would be to alienate Philip, who alone stood between England and France. In this, it must be acknowledged, Elizabeth, though the head and front of Protestantism, pursued the wisest course that offered—to endure no dictation from priests of any kind and hold them all in subjection with the strong hand. But her qualities were as little calculated as might be to carry her safely through such obstacles. Her invariable vacillation and irresolute tardiness always suffered the moment for action to pass. Her duplicity deceived friends as well as foes. The lives of her ministers were made a burden to them by the paths of falsehood and meanness they were expected to tread and the uncertainty from day to day what their mistress's mind might be. She made no scruple of involving her allies—Condé in France, the rebellious lords in Scotland, the royalists in Ireland, her own prelates in the church—in perilous enterprises solely for her own good, and then of leaving them to shift for themselves and openly repudiating them. Of the meaning of gratitude she was as ignorant as of that of honesty. If she would desert friends in danger and even thrust them into danger with the intention of deserting them, she would also plunge recklessly into the grossest falsehoods, making to half a dozen persons at a time as many conflicting statements. De Quadra stated the case mildly when he wrote: "Her words are not her thoughts."

I am astonished at the audacity with which, on grave subjects, she will say whatever is convenient for the moment." In short, she was an incorrigible liar, and unhesitatingly pursued the most crooked paths in pursuit of her objects. In her avarice was another fruitful source of national humiliation and disaster. Bacon tells of Henry VII., as an instance of his care for the smallest profits, that in one of his "account books was found: 'Item. Received of such a one five marks for a pardon which, if it do not pass, the money to be repaid or the party otherwise satisfied.' Opposite to the memorandum, the king had writ with his own hand, 'Otherwise satisfied.' Elizabeth inherited from her grandfather a parsimony which she was wont to show not only in a penny wise and pound foolish narrowness of expenditure which in the end cost her heavily both in lives, dominion, and treasure, but in a readiness to dispute and haggle like a small shopkeeper and involve her ambassadors in all manner of mortification and annoyance; while for her dividend of the profits she could even privately take an interest in fitting out those piratical and slave-trading buccaneer fleets which in public her government was ostentatiously employed in driving from the sea. In no attitude, however, does she appear more ridiculous than in the execution of what Mr. Froude is pleased to term "her matrimonial coquet dance." How far her coyness was unaffected, how real was the virginity she professed, it is difficult to say. She constantly had about her a swarm of ambassadors competing for her hand—twelve at once, says the Spanish ambassador—and at one time or another she procured an offer from almost every marriageable person of royal rank in Europe, from Philip to boys. These suitors she would keep dangling about her, now enticing them by half promises or whole promises, now postponing the time of her reply, now interposing obstacles, now reviving hopes which she had long since extinguished, while ever and anon, when her subjects' demands became clamorous that she should settle the succession by marrying, she would revert to a scheme, twenty times considered and as often dismissed, of marrying one of the Austrian archdukes. "There was something piteous as well

as laughable in the perpetual recurrence of this forlorn subject," says Mr. Froude, and, indeed, he makes it the staple joke of the book. Her nearest approach to actual marriage, however, was with Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, with whom she coquetted for years, to the no small scandal of the world, by which,—as in the case of Bothwell and Mary Stuart,—he like others was affirmed with what justice none can say, to be her paramour. Such are the traits of Elizabeth's character which Mr. Froude has exhibited in his history of the first fifth of her reign. The high-strung temperament, force of character, and imperious resolution which went far to make her greatness are as yet scarcely set before us. Her extraordinary learning and intellect and real devotion, after her own fashion, to her kingdom, are the only offsets to the ingrained deceit, vanity, and meanness to be expected in the daughter of Mr. Froude's Anne Boleyn.

In his other characters our author makes thorough work. In his estimate of humanity in general, he even appears to be a pessimist; at least, but three persons appear on his stage to whom he grants ordinary integrity, and of those three two will scarcely be held worthy of canonization by the mass of his readers. That he has made Bothwell, Darnley, and Dudley thoroughly execrable no one, of whatever historical convictions, will resent. To make Mary Stuart so has been his especial aim, and although we may not hold the animus in which he deals with her to be fair, we can hardly withhold his demonstration that she was a murderess and an adulteress. But the three names which he has selected for glorification must occasion surprise, at the least—Mr. Wm. Cecil (Lord Burleigh), John Knox, and Lord James Stuart, afterwards Earl of Murray. The honor due Cecil as the one pure man of a corrupt court none will dispute. Of the Knox in whom we have been taught to see the truest religious bully, the brutal zealot, the seditious politician, it is surprising to read that "he was no narrow fanatic, who . . . could see truth and goodness nowhere but in his own formula. He was a large, noble, generous man." Of Murray—the traitorous aspirant to his sister's throne, conspiring with her and his country's hereditary enemy, and accepting from that enemy money for her overthrow, and that before the commission of her crimes—it is hard to believe that his "noble nature had no taint of self in it" or to explain away the stains on his name upon the theory that "he had united his special patriotism with a noble anxiety for the spiritual freedom of the united realms." The peculiarity of it is that Mr. Froude admits into his narration instances of Knox's turbulent insolence, and represents Murray as becoming a party to Elizabeth's falsehoods in matters which touched his own credit, and in a manner to which no man of nice honor could have reconciled himself. In these, as in many other cases of the same day, it is very difficult to divest ourselves of strong preconceptions. The Edinburgh school of writers, the partisans everywhere of the miserable Stuart race, by their novels from the *Waverley* Novels down, by their poetry, by their histories, have thrown such a glamour over all that we can hardly penetrate it sufficiently to get a clear view of the scene. No one writes of her dispassionately. Historians describe each other as her partisans and her calumniators, and impugn the evidence which makes against them as forged or garbled. Mr. Froude bases his charges of Mary's adultery with Bothwell and her connivance at Darnley's murder upon the famous casket letters, whose authenticity he promises to establish in an ensuing volume. Professor Aytoun—whose writings on Scottish subjects, however, carry their own refutation with them—wrote: "The letters are now, I believe, universally admitted to be rank forgeries." Miss Strickland, in five volumes of twaddling tattle, defended the fame of the Scottish Queen to the satisfaction of her admirers. Mr. Tytler has essayed the same task. On the one hand, it is impossible to accept Professor Aytoun's spotless heroine—brought up as she was among the intrigues of the French court and writing love-letters, as Mr. Froude is to prove, to the man whose wife as well as her own husband had to be removed before they could be married—as of a "nature too gulleless to enable her to desert the fine meshes of the net by which she was pitilessly surrounded." On the other, it is painful to believe with Mr. Froude that a woman who exercised so wondrous a charm over all who came near her was—to compare great things with small—merely a Miss Greville. There seems, however, to be no escape from his facts, which, although his innuendoes and implications detract from the appearance of judicial impartiality, carry conviction with them. It would be a useless and an endless task to plunge into the Mary controversy, especially as in the ensuing volumes we may expect Mr. Froude to do whatever may be done toward setting it at rest.

Mr. Froude might almost have followed the example of Hallam and in his title limited the subject of his work to a diplomatic history, so exclusively is it confined to international and court politics, and so largely based upon state papers in the Scottish, English, and Spanish archives. In the amount of new historical material contained in these latter, and in the discriminate use Mr. Froude has made of it, consists the peculiar value of the volumes before us, while their successors are to be similarly enriched by the light of Lord Burleigh's private papers. In point of style the history of Elizabeth is a marked improvement upon that of Henry. Always readable, the later volumes are more clearly written and abound less with quotations whose relevancy is insufficient to compensate for their length and profusion, though sometimes we find in them marks of what should never characterize a work of this rank—a hasty writing which gives us ill-arranged and obscure sentences. Perspicuous in the main, though with a bit of Carlyle at rare intervals, and with a constant proclivity to quotations whose paternity and accuracy are unestablished, more intelligible than Hallam, and with less tendency than before to go off into brilliant outbursts after the manner of Macaulay, Mr. Froude is still as far from the perfect transparency of Hume as he is from his grim, sardonic humor. Indeed, of humor we should say he had none were it not for his thoroughly English perception of the comicality of whatever concerns Ireland and the zest with which he writes his chapters upon Irish barbarism and misrule. Beside the Irish chapters is the inevitable twinkle of fun when the "forlorn subject" of the arch-duke is alluded to; and occasionally a marginal note is made the medium of a joke, as when we learn from the text that the Spanish ambassador, sorely puzzled how to deal with her, "looked Elizabeth in the face," and in the margin beside it read, "De Quadra looks his difficulties in the face." In his delineations of religious events, from a purely political standpoint, Mr. Froude's impartiality seems attributable rather to entire indifference about the matter than to any scrupulous impartiality; and for his own convictions, a few passages seem to indicate that he inclines speculatively toward universalism. Barring a rather meagre table of contents, the handsome volumes have every assistance in the way of marginal notes and running dates that the reader can desire, although a diagram would sometimes greatly facilitate such long verbal explanations as that of the plan of the Kirk-of-Field, and genealogical schemes and tables of contemporary monarchs would aid many whose conceptions of alliances and relationships are less definite than those of the historical student. The chief regret we feel in connection with the work is that, ending with the Tudors, it fails to bring us to Macaulay's starting point. None, we fancy, who have accompanied Mr. Froude to the close of Mary's reign will justify his apprehension that they may be tempted to leave him there; and those who have commenced with him are impatiently expecting the appearance of the two additional volumes which were under review in England not less than four months ago, as well as the completion of the two others which shall close the work, and for which Mr. Froude is understood to be at present gathering materials in Spain.

EPISTOLARY BIOGRAPHY.*

LOCKE'S story of the blind man who, on being asked his idea of the color of scarlet, said it must be like the sound of the trumpet, is a happy illustration of that instinctive habit of analogy which gives to so many approximate knowledge of things of which directly they can know nothing. A child or an illiterate rustic, ignorant of his writings yet familiar with his name, might as readily, on being asked what Charles Knight is like, reply, "patchwork." He is the veteran gatherer of "varia," of "miscellaneous," of "anecdotal reminiscences," of letters and jests and quips and quirks, and unconsidered trifles of almost every sort and kind. But although a suspicion of intellectual puerility invariably attaches to the labors of compilers of Mr. Knight's class, the world is not less grateful to them notwithstanding. The world likes to be amused; and happy is the man, whatever his vocation, who finds this out betimes and has the tact—and the littleness—to turn it to his profit. We say "littleness," because the talent for ingenious frippery is so rarely if ever associated with any considerable mental power. Who is great in small things must almost inevitably be small in great things. The microscopic faculty which takes in and attractively marshals the minutiae of life seldom or never possesses either the elasticity or the loftiness which would enable it to embrace the vast, the

distant, or the comprehensive. There is, however, a great demand in the literary market for the small-wares which prouder merchants would refuse to sell, and the active purveyors with whom their sale is a proper vocation find less competition in consequence. Of course it would be absurd to say, in the teeth of Solomon, Bacon, Rochefoucauld, and some others, that great wit may not be put up in small parcels; or that, consequently, a maker of proverbs or aphorisms or axioms, or even a collector of the brilliancies of others, may not in some instances be a man of force; we merely wish to say that as a rule triviality is the characteristic of such men's minds, and it is more especially true of the latter class that they have too keen an appreciation of the light of others to shine much from within.

The age runs to laconics. It delights in fragments, slices, tit-bits, odds and ends of things, and seems to lack digestion to take the whole of any one thing at a time. Portions of stories in serials, hours and half hours with this poet or that historian, concentrated essence of brains of whatever degree, seem to be the fashion and the taste of the day; and to judge from numerous indications, most people would as soon think of roasting an ox whole for luncheon as of instructing themselves thoroughly about any conceivable person, place, book, or thing. The mode is amusingly illustrated by our newspapers, which are fast carrying the sentences to the verge of absurdity. Quick to feel the popular pulse—indeed, depending on an accurate interpretation of it—the press is driving consciousness well-nigh to a vanishing point. Not to bore is unquestionably a great virtue in a journalist, and if he can be epigrammatic without being oracular, and "epic" without being personal, he is a jewel sure of appreciation, and perhaps will not altogether miss it without the saving qualifications; but surely there is such a thing as to run brevity into absurdity, and the papers are doing some thing very like it when they print columns of "varieties" and "clippings" and "jottings," which read very much like the disconnected fragments of a telegraph operator's waste-basket. Variety is charming, no doubt, but so are coherence and common sense; and unless very carefully done—as these collections sometimes but not very often are—they really defeat their own object and bore by their monotony and unsuggestiveness.

The public—conceited and self-deluding as the public is so ready to be—flatters itself that these fantastic brevities are so many compliments to its quick wit, its power of concentration, its noble scorn! of laborious description, its delicate taste for the swift and sparkling. This is a pleasant view to take of the case, but it involves an hallucination. It incorrectly describes the situation. The truth is that these things have their birth in pure intellectual indolence. It is because people do not want to take the trouble to think that their desires are catered for in this fashion, and the less a community in our time wants to think, the more unmistakable are the proofs of the fact in the current newspapers of the day. Short sentences, it is rationally assumed, are easier to read and to understand than long ones; therefore we go back—as we do in a great many other things—and take our cue from the primer. "A bad cat," "A good dog," are very lucid and instructive examples, while "The cow jumped over the moon" is perhaps rather too complex and profound. If our newspapers carry what most of them would call the " terse, sharp, telling " style of paragraphing much further, we shall expect to see columns of their space filled with matter something like this:

Industrious Doolittle's dead.
Pleayune Butler's coming.
Green peas in Baltimore.
The Little Villain's ratted.
Hard times in Ole Virginny.
No impeachment this session.
Bay full of ice.
Poor time for oysters.
The C. O. I. R. is up a tree.
General Thaw has arrived.
Hoop-up and de doodle-day.
Snooks has gone to Peoria.
Toothpicks.
That's so.
Etc., etc.

But to return to Mr. Knight, from whom we have somewhat lengthily diverged: we do not for a moment mean to deny the industry displayed in many of his works, the utility of some, or the interest of the one before us. The latter is what the author calls an epistolary biography—or rather, set of biographies—meaning the lives of eminent persons told by a Memoir Writer, in connection with original letters. Many of the latter, which are now published, we believe, for the first time, are particularly interesting and attractive. Among others are some letters of Byron, which were to have appeared in the quarto

* *Half-Hours with the best Letter-Writers and Autobiographers.* Forming a collection of Memoirs and Anecdotes of Eminent Persons. By Charles Knight, editor of *Half-Hours with the best Authors.* London: George Routledge & Sons. 1867.

called *Correspondence of Lord Byron*, of which the poet's relative and early adviser, Mr. Dallas, was the author or editor, and of which Mr. Knight himself was to have been the publisher. Unfortunately, just on the eve of publication, Byron's executors procured an injunction from the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) forbidding its appearance. The general basis of the injunction was that the contemplated publication was a breach of private confidence and a violation of the rights of property; for it was decided that "if A. writes a letter to B. B. has the property in that letter for the purpose of reading and keeping it, but no property in it to publish it." Byron, in his earlier career and before he became famous, was intimate with Dallas, who was much his senior and a man who had been himself not unsuccessful as a historian and novelist, and, according to the details which now appear, the noble poet was not a little indebted to this gentleman for criticisms and advice. The intimacy appears to have begun in January, 1803, when Dallas addressed to Byron a rather flowery epistle of commendation, suggestion, and enquiry, to which the latter made the following characteristic reply:

"Whenever leisure and inclination permit the pleasure of a visit, I shall feel truly gratified in a personal acquaintance with one whose mind has been long known to me in his writings.

"You are so far right in your conjecture, that I am a member of the University of Cambridge, where I shall take my degree of A.M. this term; but were reasoning, eloquence, or virtue the objects of my search, Granta is not their metropolis, nor is the place of her situation an 'El Dorado,' far less an Utopia. The intellects of her children are as stagnant as her Cam, and their pursuits limited to the Church—not of Christ, but of the nearest benefice.

"As to my reading, I believe I may aver, without hyperbole, it has been tolerably extensive in the historical department; so that few nations exist, or have existed, with whose records I am not in some degree acquainted, from Herodotus down to Gibbon. Of the classics I know about as much as most schoolboys after a discipline of thirteen years; of the *Laws of the Land*, as much as enables me to keep 'within the statute,' to use the poetical vocabulary; I did study the 'Spirit of Laws' and the 'Law of Nations'; but when I saw the latter violated every month, I gave up my attempt at so useless an accomplishment; of geography I have seen more land on maps than I should wish to traverse on foot; of mathematics enough to give me the headache without clearing the part affected; of philosophy, astronomy, and metaphysics, more than I can comprehend; and of common sense so little that I mean to leave a Byronic prize at each of our 'Alma Maters' for the first discovery, though I rather fear that of the Longitude will precede it.

"Once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum; I defied pain and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in pain for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument over my maxims and my temper at the same moment, so I quoted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the *το καλον*. In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion, I favor the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope; and I have refused to take the sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition; each a *feeling*, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity; and death an external sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the *wicked* George, Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed."

Mr. Knight observes that in his interview with Mr. Hobhouse he stated that the proposed publication of Lord Byron's correspondence was intended to elevate his moral and intellectual character; but adds, with great candor, that he could scarcely have borne in mind the concluding portion of this letter, to which he might hesitate even now to give additional publicity, had not Mr. Moore, the friend of Lord Byron's executor, entertained no scruple of that sort when he published the *Life, Letters, and Journal* in 1830. It seems that Mr. Dallas viewed these letters in a very charitable spirit, since he says: "I considered those letters, though evidently grounded on some occurrences in the still earlier part of his life, rather as *jeux d'esprit* than as a true portrait."

The two first cantos of *Childe Harold* were given by Byron to Dallas outright, the poet evidently having no great confidence in the success of his work. Dallas arranged for their publication by Murray with some little difficulty, the bargain being one of those "half-profit" affairs which our English correspondent says are so notoriously unprofitable to authors. But the opinion of Dallas himself was different from that of either author or publisher, and his letter to the former on the subject was, as Mr. Knight observes, exceedingly creditable to his literary accuracy. We append an extract:

"You have written one of the most delightful poems I ever read. If I wrote this in flattery, I should deserve

your contempt rather than your friendship. Remember, I depend upon your considering me superior to it. I have been so fascinated with *Childe Harold* that I have not been able to lay it down. I would almost pledge my life on its advancing the reputation of your poetical powers, and of its gaining you great honor and regard, if you will do me the credit and favor of attending to my suggestions respecting some alterations and omissions which I think indispensable. Not a line do I mean to offer—I already know your sentiment on that point—all shall be your own; but in having the magnanimity to sacrifice some favorite stanzas, you will perhaps have a little trouble, though indeed but a little, in connecting the parts. I shall instantly put the poem into my nephew's hands to copy it precisely, and I hope on Friday or Saturday morning to take my breakfast with you as I did this morning."

Before publication Murray somewhat changed his opinion of the chances of *Childe Harold*, it having, prior to that time, received the august approval of Mr. Gifford. The passages we have quoted give a tolerably fair notion of the contents of Mr. Knight's volume, which will assuredly be read with great avidity. They include some fresh matter about, among others, Horace Walpole and the Misses Berry—peculiarly interesting in connection with recent publications—about Mrs. Delany, Miss Burney, Lady Montagu, Mary and Richard Steele, Sterne, Fielding, Shenstone, West, Leigh Hunt, and Thackeray. Mr. Knight has had remarkable opportunities, and he has used them industriously and usually with good taste. Nearly any one will read his book deliberately through; it is too fragmentary, and lacks, of course, any thread of continuous interest; but it will be "tasted"—dipped into again and again, and always with pleasure. Space permitting, pages might be filled with excerpts from its rich store of letters and anecdotes, gossip and revelation. Some of the stories of the court when Fanny Burney was a lady in waiting are piquant enough, although we are sorry to hear that the authoress of *Evelina* was deficient in "manual dexterity." According to Lady Stanhope, "Queen Charlotte used to complain to Mrs. Delany that Miss Burney could not learn to tie the bow of her necklace on court-days without giving her pain by getting the hair at the back of the neck tied in with it." Mr. Knight repeats the story explaining the alienation of Gray and Walpole which has been attributed to Isaac Reed: "The quarrel was occasioned by a suspicion Mr. Walpole entertained that Mr. Gray had spoken ill of him to some friends in England. To ascertain this, he clandestinely opened a letter and resealed it, which Mr. Gray, with great propriety, resented." "I should be sorry," adds the author, "to give credit to such an act of meanness on the part of one who has contributed so much to the amusement of the world, were there not his own unblushing evidence that he could forget the character of a gentleman in his dealings with an inferior—William Robertson, the first printer to the Strawberry Hill Press."

Mr. Knight then proceeds to quote the well-known letter to Sir Horace Mann, written in August, 1757, in which Walpole confesses to reading a private letter of Robertson's, to a friend in Ireland, which he found in a drawer, and which was about himself. It is to be feared that those who have contributed most to the amusement of the world are by no means the ones from whom to expect exemption from petty baseness, as there are plenty of instances in literature to show; we are, however, reluctantly compelled to defer a consideration of this as well as of many other interesting points raised by Mr. Knight to a future opportunity. *Half-hours with the Best Letter-writers* is purchasable at the New York house of the publishers, and we imagine that none will regret it who take occasion to make their acquaintance under such favorable auspices. In many respects it is the most agreeable volume of *Literaryiana* which has been offered to the public for a considerable time.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Country Quarters. By the Countess of Blessington. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In the delineation of character rather than the construction of plots Lady Blessington has always been said especially to excel, and the book before us furnishes good evidence of the truth of the remark. To her early recollections we are, doubtless, indebted for the happy descriptions of scenes and incidents in an Irish garrison town, and for the minute and very natural representations of the various individuals forming this motley society. That they are drawn from life is more than probable; their modes of thought, language, and national eccentricities are so faithfully portrayed as to give assurance that the principal personages had a real existence, and of this we feel the more certain when we remember that the youthful days of the authoress were passed in a town similar to that in which the principal scenes of the story are laid, and in some of the adventures in the book her ladyship's near relatives are supposed to have figured. The story opens on a market day, when the entire population of the town is assembled to see the new regiment marching in:

"The street, it being Saturday, a market day, was crowded by peasants, their blue and grey frieze coats slung carelessly over their shoulders, a bright-colored cotton or silk handkerchief passed once around their throats with the ends floating, their coarse felt hats, beneath which their broad and strongly-marked faces were seen, excited into an expression half comic, half serious, as they eyed the portion of the regiment then marching into the town. The peasant women with their blue and red cloaks, some with the hoods drawn over their heads, while others, and chiefly those of the youthful part, wore simple white muslin caps adorned with a gay-colored ribbon or a snowy dimity hood, from which their glowing cheeks and blue eyes peeped out to peculiar advantage as, half timid, half playful, like startled fawns, they drew near to the houses or behind the men, placing these last as a sort of barrier between them and the soldiers."

The officers having been duly admired by all the young women in the streets, and by the young ladies at the windows of the magistrate's large house, take refuge at the rival inns and receive at the Great Globe much varied information from Tom, the head waiter, who serves their breakfast:

"Is this neighborhood well inhabited?" enquired the colonel. "Well inhabited," reiterated the waiter. "Faith and it is, your honor; and a great pity it is, for that 'what makes cold Ireland so poor, and will keep her so, too. There 's two months for every potato; which all comes from boys and girls marrying and having children when they're no better than children themselves. Poor creatures, they bring starvation on themselves and their brats before they've got sense in their brains."

"You mean that the country is over-populated," observed the colonel.

"Why in regard that the children spring up faster than the potatoes, I do, your honor."

"When I asked you whether the neighborhood was well inhabited," resumed the colonel, "I meant to enquire whether you have many noblemen and gentlemen's seats about here?"

"Oh plenty, your honor. First we've the Marquis of Snow-hill, as great a nobleman as can be found in all Ireland, who has an elegant place within five miles of the town."

"I'm glad to hear his lordship is in the country," observed the colonel.

"Is it him, your honor? Faith, and many would be glad to hear it, too; but if they haven't a headache till then, they won't suffer even from drinking hot whiskey punch. Sure the castle is shut up, and not a soul in it but the old porter and his wife. The marquis hasn't been in Ireland these twenty years and more, for his melancholy is an English lady, please your honor, and she says the Irish air doesn't agree with her; so the marquis stays away on account of her health, and every sixpence of rent is sent out of the county to him, to be all spent in London. No wonder it's so rich; for sure many a thousand of Irish money goes to it out of poor Ireland, not a farthing of which ever returns to it."

We presume that Miss Grace O'Neill must be considered the heroine of the book, but the interest, slight as it is, is divided, for there are five distinct courtships conducted under different circumstances, and ending in a corresponding number of marriages, two of which are managed by Lady Fitzgerald, a scheming mother, whose daughters are as worldly and unprincipled as their education has fitted them to become.

Grace, who is, like many other Irish ladies, the "descendant of kings," is likewise the grand-daughter of a distinguished general who fought in the Austrian army under the banner of Maria Theresa, and who is very beautiful and highly accomplished. She refuses numerous offers, but surrenders her heart to Mr. Mordant, who, after many vicissitudes, such as being wrecked and nearly drowned, then being thrown from a carriage and almost killed, inherits the title and fortune of his elder brother and marries the charming Grace. The most extraordinary and successful angling for a husband is that of Miss Honor O'Flaherty, who, after a short flirtation with an officer named Hunter, the only son of rich but ignorant parents, makes him propose by giving him to understand that a man with superior wealth, and the additional attraction of a title, has already been refused by her. This brainless individual, who marries Honor because he finds his life rather dull, amuses himself in a manner which rouses the indignation of the anxious mothers of sundry ragged boys, who come to the barracks *en masse* to complain of him, one of them exclaiming:

"Didn't he make 'em run races till he knocked the breath out of their bodies, and then when they stood panting, and the sweat—saving your honor's favor—running down over them like a shower of rain over a basket of kidney potatoes, didn't he make 'em jump right into the river to swim against each other for wagers?"

"And didn't he," interrupted another speaker, throwing up her bonny arms to heaven as if to implore its vengeance, "didn't he give 'em enough halfpence to keep six decent families in food for a month to spend in whiskey?"

"And is it a wonder they are in their beds raving mad in a raging fever, the poor craythurs? And we poor mothers that bore 'em, that suckled 'em, to be kept from our hard work, by which we can only earn enough to keep life and soul together, to be sitting up all night listening to their moans and groans, and cries for more whiskey?"

"Och, sure it was an unlucky day when they got the taste of it; for its well known that childer, when *onst* they get the taste of sperits, are for all the world like the foxes when *onst* they get an egg or a chicken—the power of a man can't keep them out of the poultry yard ever after."

A liberal donation serves to quiet the distressed mothers, who speedily become satisfied that the rich English gentleman meant no harm. Honor O'Flaherty runs away with this remarkable individual and leaves her mother to vent her lamentations and subsequent rejoicings in the sympathetic ears of her maid, Judy, whose manner of consolation is somewhat original. Honor sends for her mother when she is fairly established in her handsome English dwelling, and the poor old lady is sadly troubled about accepting the invitation:

"But to leave Ireland for ever—to leave the bones of my husband behind me—oh, Judy, it will go near to break my heart! Sure I always thought that when I died I'd be laid by his side in the grave. Oh! oh! and here Mrs. O'Flaherty wept aloud."

"Faith, and if you were, ma'am, he must be as dead as a door nail or he'd make ye know he was near ye. He wouldn't let you be quiet in your grave, if he could help it."

"Ah! Judy, death makes great changes; and ever since he died—may the heavens be his soul—I always forget how he used to treat me when he was alive."

"And you're right, ma'am; only when you're breaking your heart crying about leaving his bones behind you, I just remind you what a snuck he had of trying to break your bones when he was on earth."

To allay the fears of Mrs. O'Flaherty, who was about to take her first voyage, Judy prescribes a good hot tumbler or two of whiskey punch, and after administering this to her mistress as she lies in her berth, takes the like dose herself, the result of which is that they both sleep soundly until their arrival next morning in England, when Judy has an amusing encounter with a custom-house officer.

We are told that this was Lady Blessington's latest work, but there is a tone of cheerfulness and youthful sparkle which seems to belie the assertion. The faults, likewise, are not those of a practised writer, for the story is unartistically put together, although the conversations are lively and the strongly-marked individuality of each character well sustained.

Two Marriages. By the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.—This book contains two stories, each illustrative of sad experiences under different aspects, delicately, simply, and thoughtfully depicted. Though lacking in power, the whole work is pervaded by a spirit of true religion, high principles of morality, a genuine love of nature, and tender sympathy for the sorrows and sufferings which flesh is heir to. The first story is by far less interesting than the second; but the following description of a "business man," which, if not altogether ideal, represents, at least, a type of such as are but rarely met with, may be read with advantage:

"He was a 'thorough man of business,' a character which, out of business circles, is a little the fashion to decry, or, at least, to mention with a condescending apology. Hard to say why, since any acute reasoner may perceive that it takes some of the very finest qualities of real manhood to make a 'thorough man of business.' A man exact, persevering, shrewd, enterprising, with a strong perception of his own rights, and an equally fair judgment and honest admission of the rights of his neighbor; who from conscience, common sense, and prudence takes care ever to do to others as he would be done by; who has firmness enough to strike the clear balance between justice and generosity; who is honest before he is benevolent, and righteous before he is compassionate; who will defend no man, nor, if he can help it, suffer any man to defraud him; who is careful in order to be liberal, and accurate that he may compel accuracy in those about him; who, though annoyed by the waste or misappropriation of a pound, would not grudge thousands spent in a lawful, wise, and creditable way—a man of whom his enemies may say sarcastically that he is a 'near' man, a 'sharp' man, a man 'who can push his way in the world,' yet half the world's work, and good work too, is done by him, and the like of him—done far more successfully, far more nobly, than by your great geniuses who aim at everything and effect little or nothing; your grand incompletenesses, who only sadden one by the hopelessness of their failures. Better than to be a poet, whose ignoble life lags haltingly behind his noble poetry; a statesman, who tries to mend the world and forgets that the first thing to be mended is himself; or a philanthropist, who loves all mankind but neglects his own family—better far than all these, in the long run, is the thorough man of business, the secret of whose career is the one simple maxim, 'anything worth doing at all is worth doing well.'"

This paragon of commercial integrity becomes the bridegroom of a beautiful girl, more than thirty years younger than himself, who marries him in obedience to her father's will and who leads a life of hopeless resignation, endeavoring to fulfil her duties as a wife, until consumption relieves her of the heavy burden. Not that Sir John Bowerbank was an unkind husband—far from it; but poor Emily had long before her marriage given her heart to another, and while she honored the old man and appreciated his goodness, yet to love him was out of the question. And so she died of what sentimental people call a broken heart, but in other words, from the havoc made by an unresting and oppressed spirit upon a frame too fragile to resist its influences.

In the second story there is an old clergyman whose whole life and character are more complete, more artistically drawn than anything of the kind we have met with for many a day. There is in William Garland—the "parson," as he is familiarly called in the village—a sublime dignity, a spirit of religion utterly devoid of fanaticism or intolerance, a nice sense of personal honor, a love of truth, and a boundless charity, which, with his affectionate heart and simplicity of manner, awakens a sense of personal affection on the part of the reader, and make him feel for the old man's woes as though they were his own. Soon after his marriage the parson lost his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and after her death his whole affection centred in his son, whom he reared with infinite care and sent to college to complete his studies. Many were the pleasing pictures which the old man drew as he sat alone by his quiet fireside of the future fortunes of his son, and great were the hopes he indulged in for his future, until on a fatal day a neighbor called to tell him that her servant girl, a very pretty but extremely ignorant young woman, had disappeared, and that it was supposed that she had gone to Cambridge after his son, by whom she had been led astray. The poor old man's agony is beautifully described, his sense of shame, the courage with which he resolved on the morrow to ascend his pulpit and fulfil his duties to his flock, the fear of public opinion, and above all the dread lest his son's sin had been even more great than his compassionate neighbor had ventured to say, are told with delicacy and simple pathos. On the day which followed the Sabbath the parson sets off for Cambridge, and, finding his son absent, he remains until Keith returns. The interview between father and son is painful in the extreme. The young man acknowledges his marriage and is compelled to confess that circumstances had rendered it an act of justice.

"The young man hung his head, and could not look at his old father."

"He drew back—this good father, this righteous, honorable man, who had held all women sacred, first for his mother's sake and then for that of the one woman he had adored; above all, for God's sake, whose pure in heart alone shall ever see."

He however forgives his son, and justifies him for marrying the poor girl; but when Keith speaks of taking orders, the father indignantly forbids him:

"No; I say never! No son of mine shall ever offer to the Holiest a blemished offering. Never will I see brought to the service of my God a life corrupted at its very source, and which will take years of repentance and atonement to make it a fit example to other lives, as that of a minister of the gospel ought to be. No, my son; I forgive you; I will help you to begin anew in whatever way seems best, but one thing I exact as an inevitable necessity—you can never be a clergyman."

After a long discussion it is settled that Keith should emigrate to Canada, and the worthy parson takes the poor ignorant girl home, where under his fostering care she improves wonderfully. At first she is a sore trial to him, outraging his refined taste by her ignorance and

vulgarity, but by degrees her gentle, loving nature wins upon his affection, her earnest endeavors to improve herself, her meek submission to his slightest wish, and the tender care with which she watches over him and ministers to all his wants in sickness and in health, make the old man love her as a daughter, and cause him to feel that long years of patient endurance have at length brought their reward. There are other characters in the book which are well sketched, and the general style of the author is earnest and unaffected.

The Tragedies of Sophocles. A new translation, with a Biographical Essay. By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. London and New York: Alexander Strahan. Two vols.—Translations of Homer are getting to be so numerous as, with great respect to the lofty names which have tried their hands at it, almost to constitute a bore. Strangely enough the greatest dramatic poet of Greece has found very few English translators. Hexameters, rhymed heroics, blank-verse, Spenserian stanza, hendecasyllables, ballad measure have done duty for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and still there are new Derbys and Byrants yearly—that is to say, in numbers if not in ability—to repeat the task and favor the world with novel versions. Of Sophocles the translations into our tongue are very few. Those of Potter (1758), Franklin (1788), Dale (1825), and that of the *Antigone* by Dr. Donaldson (1848), constitute, we believe, the whole list prior to Mr. Plumptre, with the partial exception of a few of the choruses exquisitely rendered by the late Mr. Anstice. The first three have been for some years out of print; and so far as we know or can judge, the circumstance is not one seriously to be regretted. Mr. Plumptre's version is in blank, heroic verse, which he considers the true English equivalent in its capacities for power and sweetness, its approximation, on the one side, to the language of common life, and on the other, to the speech of an ideal world, for the iambic trimeter of the Greek tragedians. The choruses he varies somewhat, for reasons which he carefully explains, and which seem to us ingenious, sound, and conclusive. He follows the example set by most recent scholars of giving Greek names of men, and gods, and places, rather than their Latin equivalents; on the rational ground that, as a question of principle, we do not need, in translating from one language to another, to employ the intervention of a third. He omits the "arguments" which later scholars have prefixed to each tragedy, because "we do not want such aids in reading Shakespeare," and "few readers, if any, will feel the want of them in reading Sophocles." If not helps to an intelligent enjoyment, they can hardly be otherwise than hindrances. To the seven extant tragedies Mr. Plumptre adds such of the fragments as he thought likely, from their ethical or poetical character, to interest English readers. To those who unfortunately are excluded from knowing the great tragic poet in his own original excellence the present translation will be indeed invaluable. There can be little comparison between Mr. Plumptre and his few predecessors for reasons which we have briefly stated; but the opinions of scholars have been almost unanimously favorable, and, so far as the text is concerned as it now stands, it must assuredly be pronounced a creditable monument to the scholarship, industry, taste, and reverence which have obviously been drawn upon in its production.

The French Manual. A new, simple, concise, and easy method of acquiring a conversational knowledge of the French Language. By M. Alfred Havet. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.—Of all the works hitherto used in this country, none, it is claimed, have possessed the singular advantage of clearing up the difficulties of French grammar without dragging the weary student through an interminable maze of confused rules. Prof. Havet's manual has long been in use in England, where it is certainly very highly esteemed, and many of the best teachers of the day consider it decidedly to impart the best system for learning French. The very high praise given to the work by the *Courrier de l'Europe* is, we believe, honestly deserved. Messrs. Appleton have now given us a remarkably good reprint of the work, which includes a dictionary of over ten thousand words. It can fairly be recommended as a capital manual for the purpose for which it is designed and as one which has received the warmest testimonials from competent scholars.

THE MAGAZINES.

Of the articles in the magazines for this month the one which we have read with most pleasure is Mr. E. P. Whipple's *Characteristics of the Elizabethan Literature in The Atlantic*,—a review of the condition of letters, the social influences, and some of the pioneers in the literary revival which followed the new intellectual activity that, throughout Europe and especially in England, showed itself in the sixteenth and the succeeding centuries. The courtiers of Elizabeth's and James's day, the dramatists and those names which we associate with Shakespeare are lightly passed over, with an enumeration of the characteristics of the dramas—especially the *Miracle Plays*—of the day, the paper concluding with special mention of that erratic genius, Christopher Marlowe. In this Mr. Whipple is at his best, and it is with particular satisfaction that we note his promise of an article on Shakespeare, which it is to be hoped will not close the series. Dr. Holmes's *Guardian Angel* "vires acquirit eundo," sketching some new characters with a masterly touch; yet his delineations of New England character, keen as they are, are so obviously off the same piece with *Elsie Venner*, the *Autocrat*, the *Professor*, and all he has written as to suggest what a capital thing it is we are not cloyed with him as frequently as with Mr. Dickens's stereotyped fabrics. The *pieces de resistance* of the number are furnished by Agassiz and Mazzini; Mr. Howells has a capital paper on his Italian experiences, Mr. Shanly one on comic journalism which sets forth very graphically the miseries of the editor without grappling with

the problem of the non-success of American comic papers; Bishop Kip has a short article of *Recollections of John Vanderlyn*, one of the neglected artists of America, which dwells rather more upon the bishop's family than would be in the best taste among a circle of friends; and the number tapers off with a reporter-like dissertation on boarding-houses and their inhabitants which an editor of a daily paper might think twice about receiving in a most destitute season.

The illustrated articles in *Harper* are *Wild Bill*, a readable narrative of the daring exploits of a Missouri scout of renown on the plains; an entertaining treatise on fishes which, nevertheless, is a puff of the book which supplies the inordinately numerous wood-cuts; and a paper of East Indian life. Between these and the *Easy Chair*—which, like the editorials of *Harper's Weekly*, always awakens a doubt whether people with brains enough to appreciate them can by possibility read the matter that makes the bulk of their surroundings—is one especially meritorious article, *New York to Washington*, descriptive of the horrors of the Jersey passage, an abomination to which *Harper* is so creditably alive that it will not be surprising if the railway managers, *more suo*, taboo it from their lines.

The first number of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's reprint of *London Society* is, perhaps, scarcely a fair sample of the merits of that magazine, whose style is pretty well known to the readers of the piratical press. It is, perhaps, the most readable of London monthlies, and the promise of this year is most inviting.

We cannot, however, profess to take in any reprint the interest we do in *The Riverside Magazine* of the same publishers, of which we have the second number. At least equal in appearance to *Our Young Folks*—which is high praise—*The Riverside* addresses readers rather older than does its rival; is—not to put too fine a print on it—less childish. *The Skirmish with the Tonies* which opens the number is one of those stories of boarding-school life, somewhat in the *School Days at Rugby* vein, which charms boys, and, though it would not be injured by the elimination of its slang, it is full of a robust life and vigor which compensate. There are one or two pieces whose presence in a juvenile magazine we cannot quite account for, nor can we find that girls receive quite their share of attention; still, as soon as the friction which attends early numbers is worked off and the reading matter is as well in hand as the *Riverside* letter-press and the faultless illustrations, *The Riverside* will be as nearly as we can imagine the perfection of juvenile monthlies.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—Colorado: A Summer Trip. By Bayard Taylor. Pp. 185. 1867.
J. E. FULTON & CO., Boston.—Oil on the Waters. Pp. 436. 1867.
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London.—Extracts from the Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry from the year 1783 to 1862. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. 3 vols. pp. xli. 492, 549, 567. 1866. (Imported by R. H. Johnston & Co., New York.)

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

BRADBURY, EVANS & CO., LONDON.—The Handy-volume Shakespeare. Vols. IV. and V. Pp. 396, 229. 1866. (Imported by R. H. Johnston & Co., New York.)

We have also received current issues of *The American Journal of Medical Sciences*, *Phrenological Journal*—New York; *Southern Cultivator*—Athens; *The Home Monthly*—Nashville; *The Sunday-School Teacher*—Chicago.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

MR. HARRISON AND IRVING HALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: My time is pretty well occupied during week-days, but I always find leisure early on Sunday morning to peruse your valuable journal. I read it—for the reason that some people take a "cocktail" in the morning—as a refresher for the serious business of the day. By the way, why don't you call your paper "The Cocktail?" It has all the ingredients—a good deal of spirit, a dash of bitters, a slice of lemon, and sugar to taste; print it during the week, but sell it on Sunday. However, I won't urge it, as it might be an infringement on the liquor law and get you into trouble.

Last Sunday morning I read the article headed *Terpsichore in Petticoats*. I wasn't very much interested in the opening. It was too æsthetic and polyglot for my taste. I am not much up in Latin or French, and my Greek was neglected in early life; hence I couldn't connect your ideas properly, and so you won't blame me for my first impressions. But I read along till I came to the question, "Without opera house or ball-room, where is society to show itself?" Naturally, I said to myself, "No ball-room! What does the man call Irving Hall?" I was under the impression that Irving Hall was a very good ball-room and a very popular one, too. I knew that one hundred and ten balls were had there every winter, and that no more could be given unless the calendar was corrected so as to have more days in a month during the season. I knew it measured six thousand square feet on the floor (a trifle larger than the dancing floor of the Academy of Music), and had all the "modern conveniences." However, I read on till I came to the question repeated more anxiously, "But what shall we do for a ball-room?" I felt considerably depressed at the persistence of the query until my eye lighted upon your confession in the next sentence, "To be sure, we have still Irving Hall." *Io triumphe!* I exclaimed (I know that much Latin, for a friend of mine has it for a motto on his seal ring). "We have still Irving Hall;" and I sup-

posed the question was satisfactorily answered. I was mistaken. Because the Academy was jammed on two or three occasions last season, and because ball managers have no consciences, therefore "beware of Irving Hall!" I didn't see the force of your argument—I don't see it yet. I assure you that Irving Hall is never uncomfortably jammed, and when "society" ventures there, as it very often does, and as it did very largely last Saturday afternoon (you ought to have been there, Mr. Editor), it generally manages to have a good time, and I have never heard any complaints; on the contrary, I have received so many compliments from "fair women and brave men" that I might feel unduly proud of my ball-room.

But "the difficulty" you labor under "suggests its own remedy." "We want a ball-room large enough and grand enough for any ball that metropolitan pride or extravagance may compass." As my venerable friend Solon Shingle says, "Jes so." Having told what you wanted, I'm sorry you didn't go into the "details of the project," and, instead of leaving them to the architect and indulging in rhapsodical conjectures of the business which the ball-room would do, put down the figures in black and white. May be your "past experience" wouldn't enable you to do this; or, perhaps, as you don't propose to build until the corporation gives you Madison Square for the location and you have secured the co-operation of your "fashionable readers, especially the fairer portion," in the enterprise, you didn't think it necessary. You were quite right. When you get this, although I don't believe the "thing is done," yet, I acknowledge, it would be considerable towards it. But I advise you not to rely on the corporation or the fairer portion of your fashionable readers. You would be obliged to consume a great deal of valuable time before they could be made to see it in your light. You run a newspaper, and, therefore, I take it for granted you have plenty of money. Do it yourself, and take all the glory and all the profit. To show you that I don't feel hurt at your insinuations against Irving Hall, and am not envious of your project, but am quite desirous that you shall succeed in your undertaking, I will show you the practical way to proceed; in fact, the same way that I (in conjunction with my "Co.") built Irving Hall. (I regret to say that my "Co." is not what my esteemed friend Artemus Ward would call "an appreciative cuss," and has stigmatized the writer of *Terpsichore in Petticoats* as "a—adjective—fool"—I am not responsible for his prejudices.) But to resume: first, secure your ground; I have in my mind's eye the best location in New York for your ball-room; the ground, say 100 by 175 feet, can be purchased for \$200,000, or thereabouts. Second, erect and furnish your building; it wouldn't cost you, at present prices, more than \$350,000 or say \$400,000 to do this, with all the necessary "details." This would require a capital of only \$550,000, or may be \$600,000. Having completed the establishment ready for business, your expenses and receipts for a year would foot up something as follows:

| EXPENSES. | |
|---|----------|
| Taxes, say, | \$5,000 |
| Insurance, | 4,000 |
| Janitor, assistants, labor, etc., | 5,000 |
| Gas, fuel, and incidentals, | 5,000 |
| Total expenses, say, | \$19,000 |
| RECEIPTS. | |
| Ten "magnificent" balls, at \$1,000, | \$10,000 |
| "Political meetings" (damages equal to rent), | 0 |
| "Charitable Fairs" (half price), | 2,000 |
| "Sunday-school Unions," | 250 |
| "Monster Concerts" (very monstrous to pay), | 1,500 |
| "Presidential and would-be Presidential Receptions" (out-door preferred), | 0 |
| "Popular Lectures" (!), | 500 |
| "Strawberry Festivals" (!), | 250 |
| "Art Exhibitions" (models might draw), | 500 |
| "Anniversary Celebrations" (of all kinds), | 500 |
| "Mutual Admiration Dinners" (say), | 500 |
| "Rev. Dr. Smyth" (don't know this show), | 0 |
| Total receipts, say, | \$16,000 |

The scales of justice were never more evenly balanced.

I give you these figures based upon my past experience, which has been considerable, as you know. If at the end of a year you should think the profits were not equal to your expectations, or you should imagine that you might better have invested your capital in seven-thirties or five-twenties, you can put the concern up in a lottery—1,000,000 tickets at \$5 each—and if you sell them all you will make a good thing. Or, better than that, sell all but 30,000 tickets and draw it back yourself. You would then own the property without cost, and have a handsome cash balance in hand as a sinking fund to carry on the business.

On the whole, I advise you to go ahead. If you are the Napoleonic man I take you to be, you will. You may command me to assist you to the best of my ability. I don't charge you anything for the advice and information I have given; but when you are ready to buy your location, if you desire it, I will negotiate with the owners of the property I have mentioned, and if successful, will only charge you the usual percentage.

I am, very respectfully and admiringly,

Your obedient servant,

L. F. HARRISON.

IRVING HALL, NEW YORK, January 30, 1867.

LITERARIANA.

As it is safe to infer that nine out of ten of the reviews in THE ROUND TABLE are calculated to displease somebody, it would evidently be inexpedient for us to permit ourselves to be drawn into criticising for a second time works on which we have once pronounced our judgment. A Chicago correspondent, however, finds in our comments upon Stahr's *Life of Lessing* a point which it is as well to explain more fully. Challenging our statement that the work "is destitute of chronological sequence," by way

of showing "what basis there is for this charge" he transcribes the table of contents, of which it is sufficient to say that it divides the work into fourteen books, consecutively dated and ostensibly recording the incidents of Lessing's life during the years to which they are referred. Which citation enables our correspondent to write, "Now if there is no 'chronological sequence' in such a narrative, I must confess myself totally ignorant of the meaning of those words." One or two examples out of many possible ones will explain our meaning: On page 135 (Vol. I., Book III.), date 1755, we learn that Lessing writes the drama of *Miss Sara Sampson*; for the next ten pages we read analyses of seven of his juvenile dramas written between 1746 and '48, a period included in a previous book and apparently disposed of 100 pages before; after which we come back to *Miss Sara Sampson*, 1755. In like manner, on page 169, Vol. I., we find Lessing elaborating *Emilia Galotti*, the period of the book being 1753-58; we hear no more of it until page 131, Vol. II.—an interval of seven books, or 345 pages, or 15 years or more—when we have a chapter of 26 pages upon it. Once more, Book IX.—its period being 1769-76—marries Lessing to Eva König, who died little more than a year after, a fact not here mentioned; Book X. is an analysis of his writings between 1770-75, a period included within that of its predecessor; then come Books XI., XII., treating of his philosophical speculations and controversies; finally, in Book XIII., 160 pages or one year since we left her, we come to Eva König's death, which event occurred at a time preceding the last one or two chapters. Such an arrangement may satisfy German conceptions of coherence, but it is very obvious that the work has not been into France to be rendered intelligible to the non-German mind. The only other point raised by our correspondent is the injustice of our allegation that the book was barren of biographical incident, to which he replies that it contains all the incidents illustrative of Lessing's character that are given in Guhrner's and Danzel's lives of him. We need scarcely suggest that the business of the biographer is to gather new material, not to rest content with repeating the old.

In a late number of this paper *The Christian Advocate* was concisely and accurately described as "a stupid and bigoted sheet with a pervading snuff." The editor of *The Christian Advocate* is, not unnaturally, displeased with this description, and empties the vials of his wrath upon us in a manner which may be justifiable but is decidedly unchristian. We adhere, notwithstanding, to our opinion that *The Christian Advocate* is "a stupid and bigoted sheet with a pervading snuff." Its remedy is not to abuse its critics, but to strive to become a lively and liberal sheet without a pervading snuff. The editor of *The Christian Advocate* uncharitably insinuates that the editors of THE ROUND TABLE are infidels; the editor of *The Christian Advocate* is a—well, an irregular rhomboid.

In view of the multiplicity of editions of *Dickens* which our publishers are giving us, from the sumptuous one promised by Hurd & Houghton to the cheapest of the Petersons' half-dozens or more, it is incomprehensible that a complete *Thackeray* is a thing no American house has given us. Appleton & Co. have, we believe, a complete collection of what is least worth having, the miscellanies. Several publishers have a novel or two, the Harpers particularly issuing most of them in a yellow-covered typography and shape. But Leypoldt & Holt's Tauchnitz edition is the only one in which a uniform set can be had in this country, and from it is omitted an essential part of the work—the author's illustrations; and we are not certain that in this all his minor works—of which, as our London correspondent mentioned last week, the author was not anxious to perpetuate the memory—are included. Even in England his works as published by Smith, Elder & Co. cannot be had in uniform shape. The hope was excited by Messrs. Harper & Bros.' three-volume *Vanity Fair* that we were to have an edition that should leave nothing to be desired. We still hope, though the interruption may be long, it may not be final, for if any author deserves an array of purple and fine linen, or every adornment of tinted paper, rare typography, faultless cuts, bevelled edges, or tree-calf—whatever else printer and binder can devise in his honor—it is *Thackeray*. It is too much to our discredit to be believed that a community which absorbs a score of editions of *Dickens* will not sustain a publisher in issuing a single creditable one of *Thackeray*, and it is to be hoped that we shall soon be able to record the issue of his works from the greatest to the least.*

In a short sketch of N. P. Willis, by the learned traveller and author, Dr. Madden, he says:

"I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Willis on many occasions at Gore House, to which reference is made in the rather too celebrated *Pencilings by the Way*, and also at the soirées of the late Lady Charleville, in Cavendish Square. Mr. Willis was an extremely agreeable young man in society, somewhat over-dressed, and a little too demonstrative, but abounding in good spirits, pleasing reminiscences of Eastern and Continental travel, and of his residence there for some time as *attaché* to a foreign legation. He was observant and communicative, lively and clever in conversation, having the peculiar art of making himself agreeable to ladies, old as well as young; *dépassé* in his manner, and on exceedingly good terms with himself and with the *déité* of the best society wherever he went."

In a letter quoted among others by Dr. Madden, Willis

* We have received several enquiries of late as to the works which *Thackeray* wrote. The following list, we believe, includes them all: *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes*, *Henry Esmond*, *The Virginians*, *Vanity Fair*, *Philip*, *Lovel the Widower*, *Roundabout Papers*, *The English Humourists*, *Paris Sketch-Book*, *Irish Sketch-Book*, *A Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*, *The Kickshaws on the Rhine*, *The Rose and the Ring*, *The Four Georges*, *Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hogarty Diamond*, *Dr. Birch and His Young Friends*, *Our Street*, *Ballads*, *The Book of Snobs*, *The Fatal Boots*, *Cox's Diary*, *Major Gahagan*, *Yellow-plush*, *Sketches and Travels in London*, *Novels by Eminent Hands*, *Character-Sketches*, *Barry Lyndon*, *Esq.*, *Rebecca and Rowena*, *A Little Dinner at Timmins's*, *The Bedford Row Conspiracy*, *The Fitz-Boodle Papers*, *Men's Wives*, *A Shabby Gentle Story*.

writes from Gordon Castle, the seat of the Duke of Gordon in Scotland:

"I left Dalhousie a week ago, and returned to Edinburgh. I breakfasted *tête-à-tête* with Wilson, who gave me execrable food but brilliant conversation, and dined with Jeffrey, who had all the distinction of Auld Reekie at his table, besides Count Flahault and Lady Keith. His dinner was *merveilleux* for Scotland, but I heard nothing worth remembering, and spent my time talking to an old solicitor, Cockburne (pronounced Coburn, I don't know why) and in watching the contortions of a lady who out-Broughams Brougham in *crispations nerveuses*. . . . The house is full of people. Lord Aberdeen, who talks to me all the time, and who is kind enough to give me a frank to you, is here with his son and daughter (she is a tall and very fine girl, and very conversable), and Lord and Lady Morton, and Lord Stormont, and Colonel Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's brother, and the Duchess of Richmond, and three or four other ladies, and half a dozen other gentlemen whom I do not know; altogether a party of twenty-two."

THE spasmodic efforts of the publishers during the holiday season have been followed by an almost unprecedented stagnation in book-making. Although our announcements show that at some future day we are to have new books, some of them by American authors, the condition of our list of books received gives evidence that for the present the supply has nearly stopped. Publishers who have books ready to issue are withholding them until "something turns up"—probably until it appears how the book-trade is to be affected by congressional legislation, the relief which is anticipated being, we believe, in the form of an increase of the cost of foreign books, not in a reduction of the American, which is what we want. For the present a few novels—such as Mr. Carleton's *St. Elmo* and Mr. Sheldon's *Sunnybank*—are securing sales which are counted by thousands of copies. Except for such consolation as these instances and the burst of new magazines afford, we might mourn for American literature as in a cataleptic state, whence its revival was indefinite.

AN Episcopal newspaper makes its only comment upon *Our Young Folks*, which is spoken of among what are called by courtesy "literary notices," to consist in a censure of one of its authors because he "falls into the vulgar error of calling Roman Catholics 'Catholics.'" There is, to be sure, a fitness in the objection—made, we believe, by Episcopalians alone, and by them probably because they weekly assert their claim to the title in the *Creed*—against allowing any single body to arrogate to itself a title belonging to the whole Christian Church. Yet the Romanist by the necessity of his belief must deny it to heretics; and the thorough-going Episcopalian, if he be at once logical and frank, must either claim the monopoly of it for himself, or share it only with the followers of the Roman and Greek churches as participants in the inestimable benefits of the Apostolic Succession. But the use of the word for ordinary purposes is another matter, and it is slightly presumptuous in an unheard-of Connecticut editor to stigmatize as a "vulgar error" a usage sanctioned by Hume, Macaulay, Mackintosh, Hallam, Froude, in fine, every English historian of note, Churchmen and all. In the line succeeding that which we have quoted our verbal critic has innocently perpetrated a most inelegant colloquialism, one of the innumerable misuses of that abused verb, *got*.

AMONG New York contributions to the Paris Exposition the fine carvings of Messrs. Kaldenberg & Son, though but remotely connected with the province of this department, are particularly deserving of mention. These specimens of art are two large and exquisitely carved meerschaum pipes; the one, which is nearly a foot in length, and has an amber mouthpiece two inches in thickness and over six inches in length, giving in full relief the scene in *Macbeth* where Macbeth and Banquo are met by the witches, the figures of the men and horses being some four inches in height, the meerschaum lid being Shakespeare seated in a chair; on the other pipe is a hunt, with horses, men, dogs, and deer grouped under an oak tree, the lid being a silver stag. Carved pipes are no uncommon luxuries, but carving of the order of Mr. Kaldenberg's is executed, so far as we know, nowhere else in the country, and is equalled in not one among a hundred specimens of fine work imported from Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. His figures are so faultless as to suggest fine sculpture in miniature, and, indeed, will bear the most critical scrutiny through a powerful magnifier. The quality of his material, *creda experto*, is worthy of the workmanship expended upon it, and leaves to the enthusiastic pipe-fancier nothing to be desired.

MR. NATIAN D. URNER has returned from South America, where he has spent some six months.

MR. GEORGE RIPLEY, the literary editor of *The Tribune*, is collecting his miscellaneous writings for publication.

MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT's health is such that her physician forbids all literary labor.

In *The Quarterly Review*, whose publication was announced for the 23d ult., are articles upon *Crime in the State of New York*, *Yankee Wit and Humor*, *Democracy and Fenianism*; in *The British Quarterly*, one on *The United States since the War*, being the only articles on American topics in recent English magazines.

MR. M. D. CONWAY is one of the gentlemen who will deliver discourses at the Friday evening meetings of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, others who are announced being Professors Tyndall, Max Müller, Frankland, Blackie, and Bain, and Messrs. Balfour Stewart and Alexander Herschel. Among the Wednesday afternoon lectures before the same institution are three on *The Ancien Régime* before the French Revolution, by Rev. Charles Kingsley; two on *Plato*, by Prof. Blackie; and twelve on *Ethnology*, by Prof. Huxley.

MR. MOXON's subscription list for a monument to Charles Lamb is filling so rapidly that the requisite sum is likely to be raised within a few months. As yet we have heard of no contributions from this country.

AMONG English writers who have new novels in press are the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Amelia B. Edwards, Jean Ingelow, Sarah Tytler, Georgina M. Craik, Mrs. Marsh, Rev. J. M. Bellow, Walter Thornbury, W. G. Wills, Edmund Yates, Mrs. J. H. Riddell, R. D. Buchanan.

M. VICTOR COUSIN, writes the Paris correspondent of *The Publishers' Circular* under a date preceding his death, took with him to Pau the proof-sheets of a general history of philosophy, which he intended publishing in the spring.

M. T. DE CROZE has recently published in Paris *Les Guises, les Valois, et Philippe II.*, based upon the unpublished correspondence of the Princes of the House of Lorraine. This will probably throw still new light upon the momentous period treated of in Mr. Froude's history and in Mr. Gayarré's *Philip II.*, a meritorious work, but one which tells us nothing that was not well known before.

THE REV. ROBERT MILMAN, nephew of the Dean, the ecclesiastical historian, himself author of a life of Tasso and several religious works, has been made Bishop of Calcutta.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is lecturing on *John Pym*, in whom he finds material for deductions favorable to modern Reform.

MR. SAMUEL SMILES, author of *Industrial Biography* and of a number of lives of eminent engineers, has nearly rewritten and largely added to his *Self-Help*, of which a new edition is immediately to appear.

MADAME GEORGE SAND will contribute *Cadio* to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during a part of the year.

MR. JAMES MURRAY, author of *Sketches of History*, is writing a series of biographies of the prominent men in European history during the sixteenth century. Of these there have already been published *Charles V.*, *Leo X.*, and *Erasmus*.

THE RIGHT HON. C. B. ADDERLEY, M.P., has published a pamphlet entitled *Europe incapable of American Democracy*.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Announcements cannot be made unless received on or before the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

- D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York:
The Decimal System of Weights and Measures. By B. F. Craig, M.D.
Chancellorsville. By Jed. Hotchkiss and Wm. Allan.
Naval Court-Martials. By Commodore A. A. Harwood, U. S. N.
G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York:
Natural Theology: Lowell Lectures. By Prof. P. A. Chadbourne.
The Creator's Works: being a reprint of *Benedicite*, by G. C. Child, M.D.
Putnam's Cyclopaedia of Historical Facts.
Tuckerman's Book of the Artists.
D. APPLETON & CO., New York:
Sibyl's Second Love. By Julia Kavanagh.

1867. PROSPECTUS. 1867.

"The Round Table's" Arrangements and Proposals for the New Year, 1867.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

The Conductors of THE ROUND TABLE beg to tender their cordial acknowledgments to the many friends of the paper for a handsome support, which has gone on steadily increasing until it can now be truthfully said that it is fully, fairly, and prosperously established.

During the three years that have passed since the first publication of THE ROUND TABLE, it has experienced an unusually diversified career, making not only strong friends, but some bitter enemies; yet the number of the latter has ever been comparatively small, and it is hoped and believed that there are now very few who do not wish well to a journal so earnestly devoted to literary, social, and artistic progress.

THE ROUND TABLE now has subscribers in every state of the Union, in Canada and other parts of our own continent, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and in many countries of continental Europe. It goes, in fact, to the four quarters of the globe, and with nearly every issue the number which is sent abroad increases.

The home subscription list is a large and steadily augmenting one and it contains the name of nearly every person noted in literature or eminent in professional life throughout the country. THE ROUND TABLE, therefore, addresses a highly cultivated and distinguished circle, a circumstance which in preparing its contents is sedulously kept in view. The arrangements which have been made and which are in progress for the NEW YEAR are such as to promise the most gratifying results. No weekly paper has ever been published in this country which has contained so much really first-rate writing both from American and English pens as THE ROUND TABLE will offer to its readers during the year 1867. This will, of course, involve a very large outlay; but the present position of the paper is such as to justify the engagements which its conductors have made, as well as others which they have resolved upon carrying out.

The attention which THE ROUND TABLE has received not alone from the home press but from leading critical reviews all over the world, has gained for it a celebrity and a prestige which no other American literary paper has ever acquired; its articles and reviews are quoted to an extent hitherto unparalleled, and are regarded by the educated and refined classes with a consideration hitherto only bestowed by them upon similar publications from abroad.

The Mystery of the Cavern. By Miss Yonge.
History of the Navy during the Rebellion. By Rev. C. B. Boynton.

Upton's Tactics. Dictionary of the Bible. By Rev. Wm. Smith. Edited with additional Notes by Rev. L. W. Barnum.
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:
New National Edition of The Waverley Novels. By Sir Walter Scott. In five large octavo volumes.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, Boston:
The Life of Jesus. By De Pressensac. Popular edition.
HURD & Houghton, New York:

The Market Assistant. By Thomas F. De Voe.
Mrs. Candler's Catechism. By Douglas Jerrold.
Lalla Rookh. By Thomas Moore. With illustrations by John Tenniel.

Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. By Charles Allen. Vol. XI.

Venetian Life. By William D. Howells. A new edition, revised and enlarged.
Hopkins on Ritualism. The Law of Ritualism Examined in its Relation to the Word of God, to the Primitive Church, to the Church of England, and to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. By the Rt. Rev. John Henry Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Vermont. A new edition.

Dickens's Works. Including the illustrations which have been published in the English edition and the illustrations by Darley and Gilbert from the Household Edition.

Cooper's Works. Household Edition. Uniform with the Household Edition of Dickens's Works.

GRAVES & YOUNG, Boston:
Gilbert's Last Summer at Rainford. Being the second volume of The Rainford Series.

Fashion and Folly. By Aunt Hattie. Being the fourth volume of The Brookside Series.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia:

Scargham and its Products. By F. L. Stewart. Elements of Human Anatomy. Second edition, revised and enlarged. By T. G. Richardson, M.D.

Dainty Dishes.
Watson's Astronomy. By James C. Watson.

Curiosities of Clocks and Watches. By Edward J. Wood.
Life and Works of Josiah Wedgwood. By Eliza Meteyard.

Last Days of Our Saviour. By Charles D. Cooper.
Terza Maria. By Edward D. Neill.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Correspondents of Notes and Queries are reminded that no communications to THE ROUND TABLE will be read by the Editors if they are not authenticated by the writer's signature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Where does Mr. Vandenhoff find his Dante quotations?

"Acqual giorno non leggiamo,!" etc.?

I find the line to read,

"Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avanti,"

in the *Galignani* Byron, in Leigh Hunt's *Stories*, in everybody. I don't think any one, except Mrs. Trollope in her book on the manners of the American domestics, ever smashed a line of Dante so badly. And what does he mean by translating *ages* you should (instead of *you shall*) thank me?—just spoiling the whole force of the sentence.

Here is a bit of Tacitus to translate word for word:
"Othoni sepulcrum extractum est, modicum et mansurum."

Find one English word for *mansurum*. I put this once to Mr. Gibbs (afterwards tutor to the Prince of Wales). He tried to preserve the alliteration of the original "lowly and lasting," but this does not express that the tomb was *mansurum*, "destined to last," or "likely to last," because it was *modicum*.

CARL BENSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Will you allow me to put, through you, two or three queries to my almanac?

I am so situated, with relation to the eastern and western horizons, that the line marked by the sun's rising is very nearly on a level with that marked by his setting. Nevertheless, when I have regulated my time-piece by the rising, I have found, more especially at about the beginning of the lengthening of the days, that, at the setting, the piece has been several minutes too slow; and when I have regulated it by the setting, it has, at the rising, proved itself to be the same number of minutes too fast. What is the explanation?

Again, why is it that on every day from the 28th of December to the 8th of January the rising is at precisely the same minute, while upon the last of those days the time of setting is ten minutes later than it was upon the first?

Yet again, from the commencement of the lengthening of the days through about half the period to the time when the days and nights are equal, why is the variation in the times of the rising only about half that in the times of the setting; while from the commencement of the shortening of the days through half the period to the time when the days and nights are again equal, the variations in the times of rising and setting are nearly the same?

FORT FAIRFIELD, Maine, Jan. 22. G. W. EVELETH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Can I learn through the medium of THE ROUND TABLE who is the publisher of the *Memoirs of Talleyrand*, compiled by himself, which are to appear early this year, if I am rightly informed? Respectfully your obedient servant,

GEORGE J. MADDEN, 1st Lieut. 25th U. S. Inf.
HEADQUARTERS, MEMPHIS, Tenn., January 24, 1867.

THE ROUND TABLE.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 2.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS, THE PROSPECTS OF FAIR,
THE NEW YORK COURT OF APPEALS,
ANTIPODAL AQUATICS, THE IGNORANCE OF THE
CLERGY, LAW-MAKERS AND LAW-BREAKERS,
THE LATE MR. WILLIS.

CORRESPONDENCE:

LONDON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, A COMPOSITE DIES
H.R.E. LUNAR PHENOMENA.

REVIEWS:

ITALIA, AMERICAN HERALDRY,
THE MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE, LEFFITH LANK,
RACHEL'S SECRET,
AN INDEX OF DISEASES AND THEIR TREATMENT,
CONSERVATIVE SURGERY,
THE CHURCHMAN'S COMPANION IN THE CLOSET,
COMMENTARY ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON,
SERMONS PREACHED AT THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL
THE APOSTLE,
SERMONS FOR THE PRINCIPAL SEASONS OF THE
SACRED YEAR.

LITERARIANA.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

WILLIAM V. SPENCER,

203 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

HAS NOW READY

Some of the Thoughts of Joseph Joubert,
with a Memoir by Geo. H. Calvert, Esq., author of *The Gentleman*, First Years in Europe, etc. 1 vol. 16mo, tinted paper, price \$1.50.

Reason and Religion. (New edition.) By Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D. Price \$2; also a handsome edition on tinted paper, \$2.50.

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